

THE SKETCH.

No. 100.—VOL. VIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAUDER, DUBLIN.

THE OMAR KHÁYYÁM CLUB.

The Omarians dined at Frascati's on Dec. 18, the new President, Mr. Edward Clodd, holding the chair against a lively protest from the retiring President, Mr. George Whale, who insisted that his term of office did not legally expire till Easter. There was, at first, some apprehension of subsequent proceedings in the Law Courts, but Mr. Whale was persuaded to content himself with an appeal to the moral sentiments of the Club. Mr. Clodd discharged his duties with a fund of genial humour which gave a stimulus to the evening, and which was but slightly chastened by a reputation for science and the responsibilities of banking. Eloquent tributes to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson were paid by the President, by Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Augustine Birrell. Mr. Birrell and Mr. Thiselton Dyer were the guests of the Club, and Mr. Dyer expressed his gratitude for such a diversion from the duties of a public servant and the pursuit of botany. The menu card was designed by Mr. Arthur Hacker, and further enriched by some charming verses in Omarian quatrains from Mr. Le Gallienne, who read them to a sympathetic audience. Here are some of them. They are in praise of Omar—

So many years your tomb the roses strew,
Yet not one penny wiser we than you,
The doubts that wearied you are with us still,
And, heaven be thanked! your wine is with us too.

For, have the years a better message brought,
To match the simple wisdom that you taught,
Love, wine and verse, and just a little bread—
For these to live and count the rest as nought?

Therefore, great Omar, here our homage deep
We drain to thee, though all too fast asleep
In Death's intoxication art thou sunk
To know the solemn revels that we keep.

O had we, best-loved poet, but the power
From our own lives to pluck one golden hour,
And give it unto thee in thy great need,
How would we welcome thee to this bright bower!

O Life that is so warm, 'Twas Omar's too;
O wine that is so red, he drank of you:
Yet life and wine must all be put away,
And we go sleep with Omar—yea, 'tis true.

Mr. L. F. Austin, on the plea that the Club had taken no official notice of the "romantic disappearance" of its first president, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, read a lament, in the Omarian manner, entitled—

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF JUSTIN HUNTLY McKHÁYYÁM.

They say that Editors and Critics keep
Cold watch where Justin's Blood was wont to leap—
Where Quaritch, that great Hunter of rare Tomes,
Talks Omar still, but does not sell him Cheap.

Methought Frascati's Portals opened wide,
Chianti gurgled in its purple tide;
But some Red Roses drooped their heads and mourned:
"Why stays our Irish Bachelor outside?"

Said one among them wisely, "Know ye not
What Prize in Pottery that Swain hath got—
A Bowl, from which he drinks in wedded Joy,
A shapelier Vessel than the brazen Pot?"

Ah, one he loved, the smartest and the Best
That Fate and Music-hall have ever blest;
To Caledonia snatched her for the nuptial Rite,
Then slipped serenely to the radiant West!

No more the P.M.G., with thin disguise,
Will print his Worship of a hundred Eyes!
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies—
One Woman now collects his vagrant Sighs.

And we, that still make speeches in the Room
He left, and Sorrow dresses in new Gloom,
Ourselves must we beneath that yoke subject
Ourselves, our necks to make a Couch—for whom?

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough
He once was apt to read and write—but now
Press notices of Her—a Wilderness—
He pastes and scissors with a sweating Brow.

Ah! when again shall Justin's ruddy Crest
Bow at our Board to noted Persian Guest,
And with the tongue of Hafiz make us mute,
While rankling Envy prompts the ribald Jest?

We see him gathering the Golden Grain—
Not he to fling it to the Jews like Rain;
And we, who are not mated yet with Stars,
Coin gibes at greasy Greenbacks in our Pain.

What solace is our humour, rich and quaint?
What hope hath Hacker, musing on some Saint?
What boots the Quest for Pilgrim's Holy Grail,
Or image that our Shannon yearns to paint?
To her the sweetest Sovranty is come,
To him the plumpest Portion and the Plum,
The Girl, the Cash in hand, the wild applause—
Oh, the brave Music of orchestral Drum!

Still the New Year with happy Mirage beams
Where festive Souls are waited on by Jeames;
And the White Hand of Cissy gaily waves
The blight of Justin from our jealous dreams.

She comes to Old Kháyyám, and leaves the Lot
Of Yankee Players decently forgot;
Lest Daly lay about him as he will,
And lawyers bellow "Contract!"—which is Rot.



THE MENU CARD.—DESIGNED BY MR. ARTHUR HACKER, A.E.A.

She comes to lift our Spirits with her Song,
She comes to linger and to linger long;
While Justin clutches at his Shaven Lip,
And feels, like Samson, he is not so strong.

And when our Cup hath filled his Soul with Sense,
And when for Dollars she accepts our Pence,
The Nightingale will whisper to the Rose
"The Memory of *this* Impertinence."

Surprise was very properly expressed that the Shah of Persia had not yet sent the Order of the Lion and the Sun to the President of the Club; and after Mr. Whale had hinted that he might find it necessary to move for an injunction to restrain the Club from giving this decoration to Mr. Clodd, it was unanimously agreed that the Foreign Office should be requested to find out from the British Minister at Teheran why the Order of the Lion and the Sun had been so long delayed. Among the members and guests were Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Hacker, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Buxton Forman, Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Frederic Hudson, Mr. W. R. Walkes, Mr. T. J. Wise, Dr. Plimmer, and Mr. John Lane.

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 1895.

Extra Supplement: A Coloured Calendar of the Month.

- THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA. (Frontispiece.) Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.
- YE FAIRE LADY. Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.
- NEW YEAR'S DAY. By TIGHE HOPKINS. Illustrations by A. Forestier.
- THE RED PATROL. By GILBERT PARKER. Illustrations by Lancelot Speed.
- FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE—THE ADVENTURER. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. Illustrations by Robert Sauber.
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- A LADY JOURNALIST. By GEORGE PASTON. Illustrations by Raymond Potter.
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- LYCORIS. By SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE. Illustration by Gilbert James.
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SMALL TALK.

The Queen left Windsor Castle last week for Osborne, travelling by special train direct to the Clarence Yard, Gosport, where she embarked on board the royal yacht *Alberta*, for conveyance to Trinity Pier, East Cowes. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and the Duchess of Albany and her children, are to be her Majesty's guests during the holidays.

Nothing has yet been definitely settled about the Queen's visit to the Riviera, but, should Colonel Bigge's report be satisfactory, and the various stipulations of her Majesty's Director of Continental Journeys, M. Dossé, be agreed to, the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez will probably be taken from the middle of March. It is said that the modest rent of £600 per week is asked for the hotel, and, as a number of changes will have to be made in the internal arrangements of the house, and the furniture for the Queen's own rooms—bed-room, dressing-room, and sitting-room—will have to be sent from Windsor, her Majesty's brief residence at Nice will cost a "pretty penny" altogether. The average outlay in connection with the Queen's annual spring visit to the Continent is about £12,000.

The apartments of Princess Beatrice at Windsor are to be considerably "refurbished" before the return of the Court to the Castle. The rooms of the Princess adjoin the double set occupied by the Queen, and were formerly appropriated to some of the younger members of the Royal Family; but when the Princess married they were re-decorated and re-furnished. They are exceedingly comfortable, but by no means splendid in their appointments, as the Princess Beatrice would not care to expend an extravagant sum upon apartments which can only be hers during the life of the Queen.

The Dowager Lady Churchill, who has gone to Osborne as Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, will remain at Court until Jan. 9, when she will be succeeded by the Dowager Lady Erroll. Lady Churchill is to accompany the Queen to the Riviera, and will be in attendance all the time her Majesty is abroad.

I congratulate "T. P." on the Literary Supplement of the *Weekly Sun*. It contains some excellent matter indited by Richard Le Gallienne, Arthur Waugh, Mrs. Mona Caird, and "T. P." himself, whose eye for a stirring book of any sort is undimmed. More power to his elbow, or rather, as Stevenson would have said, to his "elbow-grease," which makes some of the best reading in English journalism.

If the Independent Theatre is now under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, what becomes of its independence? This is a question which demands an answer from Mr. Grein. Here is the Lord Chamberlain refusing to license Mr. William Heinemann's play. Now every man of spirit looked forward to that production with a special zest. There was to be a great sensation in the piece, caused by the crowing of a cock. Perhaps it was this which excited the displeasure of the Censor. At all events, we see the Independent Theatre reduced to the servitude of any actor-manager who seeks a licence. Shall this thing be? Certainly it was not what Mr. Grein's supporters expected from his courageous enterprise.

Mr. Irving played Corporal Gregory Brewster in Dr. Conan Doyle's dramatic sketch at the Garrick *matinée*, for the benefit of the Newport Market Refuge. About this performance there is no difference of opinion. It is a piece of the most perfect art that has been seen on our stage. From first to last the illusion was absolute. Even people who had persuaded themselves that Irving is always Irving in everything he does were astounded by this transformation. His strongly marked individuality was completely absorbed in the character of the old soldier, and this takes its place among the most successful and most diversified of the portraits which include Becket, Shylock, and Dr. Primrose.

The last of the Saturday "Pops" in the year of grace 1894 drew a crowded audience. Seldom have I seen the hall fuller or the listeners more enthusiastic at such a function. With all due deference to Lady Hallé, who seems to have acquired the secret of that wondrous brew that prevents folks from ever getting older, and to Miss Esther Palliser, whose voice, I regret to say, still shows traces of the wear-and-tear of much work, the great attraction was, I think, Emil Sauer. In the work of the late Anton Rubinstein, the accomplished pianist was all that could be desired, but with memories of that master and of Von Bülow crowding my mind, I must confess I felt a want in his dealing with Beethoven. The *Appassionata* Sonata was, perhaps, never more faultlessly given, technically; but somehow the soul of the great composer seemed lacking in the exposition. I really can't say how often the pianist was recalled—some half-dozen times, I think. There is no striving after theatrical effect in the admirable playing of this artist, and the same remark applies to his method of acknowledging applause.

A pleasing and pretty entertainment that is now becoming popular at Transatlantic charity performances is the so-called "Tom Thumb Wedding." In this all the parts are played by children of ages ranging upwards from three to seven, who go through, in mock-stately fashion, the ceremonial remembered in connection with the famous General Thumb, the dainty Sisters Warren, and other miniature mortals. The child pantomimists are attired in all sorts of quaint and becoming dresses,

and the wedding procession on both journeys gives opportunity for the display of infinite skill in the art of marshalling the juvenile performers. Eight ushers, half a dozen bridesmaids, flower-girls, and a maid of honour are required, in addition to the leading actors in the mimic scene matrimonial. The show has its humorous as well as its pompous side.

The days of the "Gavotte de Vestris" are not over, and this news should be pleasing to lovers of the stately dancing of an era long departed. A week or more ago I looked in for a few minutes at a pleasant entertainment given by the pupils of Madame de Walton at the Crystal Palace Hotel. After seeing sundry exhibitions of fancy dancing, including a skipping-rope dance by a very graceful little girl whose name I have forgotten, the famous "Gavotte de Vestris" was danced. After the wearisome exhibitions of skirt and serpentine dancing with which we have been inundated of late, I experienced a feeling of absolute pleasure in witnessing the performance of so graceful a measure. It was excellently well done, and reflects the greatest credit upon clever Madame de Walton, whose sphere of activity is unduly restricted by the limitations of private classes. Unless I am much mistaken, the era of slow movements is about to dawn again on the world of dancing. We have had enough and to spare of terpsichorean gymnastics; a universal revival of the minuet and similar measures would be very welcome. If people could be brought to recognise the beauties that already exist, they would be less anxious for innovation. Meanwhile, it is well that teachers of such high repute as Madame de Walton should show a tendency to revive the old order of things. This sounds very conservative, but, with regard to dancing, I must plead guilty to being *laudator temporis acti*.

Parisian theatres share the ups and downs of Fortune with their English and Continental cousins. The *Menus-Plaisirs*, whose luck has not been of the brightest, has apparently struck oil with a new operetta, "*L'Elève du Conservatoire*." It is a pretty work, and is sufficiently Parisian to suit the tastes of the gay capital. I am glad to say that Leopold Wenzel, composer of the inimitable "*Katrina*," is well to the fore with some charming music. The young man of *Le Courrier Français* says he has composed "*Des dances à donner le délirium aux jambes les plus réfractaires*." This is a singularly happy expression. I saw M. Wenzel in town some two or three months ago, but he was not then at work on the score, unless I am much mistaken. He composes with singular rapidity, and has written the music of some of his most successful ballets in little more than a month. Sooner or later London managers will awake to the fact that they have permitted an admirable composer to disappear from their midst. Then, perhaps, we shall see him again, bâton in hand, directing the fortunes of some melodious work. He is, however, too fond of France to stay in London altogether. Even when in the service of the Empire he would spend all his time in Paris, and, despite his success over here, his predilections have always been for his native land.

A popular "star" of the lighter stage was giving vent to a grievance the other day, and, as the matter is one of considerable general interest to the profession, I give her story in her own words. "You are announced to sing at the — Club," I remarked. "Well, I am not going to any more clubs under any circumstances," she replied. "When I first came to London, my friends used to beg me to go to different places to sing after my work was over, and I did not care to refuse them. I didn't like several things in connection with them, but said nothing, hoping they would improve. Now I have quite finished." "What is the particular grievance?" I asked. "Bad management," she replied. "If I go to a theatre or a music-hall to work, I have a place to dress, to which I am at once directed; I do my work and get away. If I or any lady go to a club, our usual experience is to find nobody to receive us, to be compelled to wait about until the manager is found, to find little or no dressing accommodation, and, very often, to be provided with an inefficient accompanist. I have struck against this sort of thing, and if others do the same a disagreeable state of things may be set right. Isn't it strange that, at places where they are paid highly to perform, artistes should receive proper attention, while where they give their services gratuitously they should have to complain of inattention?" I agreed with the fair lady, and promised to ventilate the grievance.

Down in the Jewish quarter of the East End, where Yiddish—an infamous compound of Hebrew and German—is the prevalent dialect, notices and proclamations in that language are frequently to be seen. All the trade-union notices are so written for the benefit of the Polish Jews who do not understand English, and I believe that plays in Yiddish are frequently performed round about the Ghetto. Astute theatrical managers seem to exist out of London, for the gentleman who presides over the Theatre Royal, Leeds, has lately issued a play-bill in Hebrew characters for the benefit of the Jews living in that town. There are sufficient of the Chosen People in the town to justify the experiment, and, I am told, they have acknowledged the compliment in a manner calculated to gladden the managerial heart. Strangely enough, no dead language is so well known as the Hebrew, despite its innumerable difficulties. There are hundreds of men who can speak and write it and find a medium for the exchange of thought in many and varied forms. When we consider the many hundreds of years that have elapsed since the language was in use, and the many strange new phases of life and thought that have developed, such a prolonged existence is little short of marvellous.

Wherever English letters are loved, wherever the spirit of romance is cherished, there is mourning for Robert Louis Stevenson. Cut off in his prime, so far as the sum of forty-four years is reckoned, he succumbed to the steady and remorseless drain of unremitting toil. Art has claimed him as one of her martyrs, for he served her with all his soul and all his strength, till the weary brain refused to perform its laborious office any more. And, as Mr. Gosse justly said at the Omar Kháyyám dinner, the end has come while Stevenson was still in the plenitude of his powers. There was no sign anywhere of decay. Whatever may be thought of the last story he published, "The Ebb Tide," there is no ebb in the brilliant faculty, no faltering in the incomparable style. And the stories he has left—one of them complete, and two in a very advanced state—are confidently awaited by his legion of readers in two hemispheres with a rich prospect of enjoyment.

No writer in this generation has been more successful than Stevenson in diffusing the impression of a lovable personality. We may have our favourites among his books—some of us prefer the essays, some the romances—but all of them speak to us with that peculiar charm which, even to strangers, is the utterance of a friend. Like Scott in this, as in some other ways, he was the pattern of the literary life, the example of high soul, and of courage undaunted by misfortune. Frail of body, serene of mind, he had all Heine's indomitable will without Heine's bitterness. "His philosophy," as one critic has said, "was broad—too broad, perhaps, for some of his countrymen, who still dwell under the ban of Calvin. But no great writer that ever lived, and used the magic of the noblest English speech, has surpassed him in the true virtues and graces of humanity. In this aspect he stands within that radiant circle which is illumined by the genius of Shakspeare."

His natural powers of description would seem to have expanded in the far-off island which was his home. His close communion with Nature, the sympathy with which he divined her secrets, enabled him to go where civilisation could scarcely reach him, and yet retain the full sympathy of the world from which he was an exile. That world can ill afford to lose a Wendell Holmes and Louis Stevenson in one year.

"W. C. F." sends me this sonnet on the dead Romancer—

No more shall "tales of wonder and delight,"
Woven 'mid Southern seas, come issuing forth
To charm the dwellers in that rugged North
That gave their author birth. Alas! the light
Has faded from those eyes, and on the height
That towers above his latest home on earth
Sleeps the warm heart, the fertile brain, whose worth
The world shall some day estimate aright.

Though heart and brain that wove each matchless tale
Are cold in death, there is no mortal ill
That genius, greatest of God's gifts, can kill,
Its beauties cannot fade, its glories pale—
These will remain to move men's minds when we
Who mourn him now shall long have ceased to be.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.—FROM AN ETCHING BY WILLIAM STRANG.

The Scot, like Stevenson, is essentially a wanderer on the face of the earth, and, like Stevenson too, he clings enthusiastically to the hills and glens of his native land. I have just come across a book that shows how strong even to-day is this patriotism. The author, the Hon. James Inglis, who was Minister of Instruction in the "Jubilee" Government of Sir Henry Parkes, in New South Wales, 1877-9, is a fervid Scot. Last summer I happened to be at a Scotch dinner in town, and on that occasion Mr. Inglis delivered as racy a speech as I have heard for a long time, telling one specially good Scotch story, which I repeated in this column at the time. It is now printed in "The Humour of the Scot," which Mr. Inglis has just written, an admirable addition to the entertaining library of Scotch literature published by Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh.

It is really a collection of first-rate stories, hung together by a thread of exposition (somewhat colloquially written) of the character of the Scot. The book is specially interesting from the fact that Mr. Inglis belongs to the same county as Mr. Barrie, his father (and grandfather) having been ministers of the parish of Glenesk. Educated at Edinburgh University—he took honours in Aytoun's class—he has had a varied career in many capacities, from journalist to merchant, both in India and Australia. In 1878, under the pseudonym of "Maori," he published "Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier; or, Twelve Years' Sporting Reminiscences of an Indigo Planter." Among his other books are "Tirhoot Rhyme," "Tent Life in Tiger Land," "Our Australian Cousins," and "Oor Ain Folk." For ten years he was a member of the New South Wales Parliament. Despite, probably because of, his wanderings, he is almost an ultra-Scot, and on the present occasion he has written an amusing book that ought to be welcomed at the present moment, when the great Scotch boom is on.

If anything were needed to show how widespread is the so-called revolt of woman it is her invasion into the domain of sport, which is so crusty and conservative, so crushed by its "traditions." The doughty daughters of to-day have turned dog-fanciers, for in October they founded a Ladies' Kennel Association,

which has just issued an admirable shilling monthly. The Hon. Mrs. Vivian is president of the Association, which numbers among its 150 members eight titled ladies. I spent half an hour over their journal, although I'm not a doggy man, for it is brightly written and well illustrated.

If one can believe a story that has apparently been "made in Germany," the turn for articulate volubility on the part of the pet parrot has lately been utilised in most ingenious fashion by the management of one of the chief railway companies in the Fatherland. A whole army of these noisy, if clever, birds have been purchased, and every station on the line has been provided with one of them, carefully trained in each particular instance to repeat as a train enters the names of the place and of the towns for which a change of train has to be made. Personally, I would rather be guided in my travels by a talkative parrot clearly, if mechanically, reiterating certain words, than by a human porter who unintelligibly bawls out the same phrases in a sort of agglutinate lingo.

I remember standing at the dress-circle door of a provincial theatre a few years ago, and listening, from that uncomfortable coign, to the whole of the first act of "A Pair of Spectacles." Well do I remember, too, the strange thrill John Hare's voice gave me as I heard him taunt the "Man from Sheffield" with his unnatural treatment of his son: "Yes, and you'll hear that story again—on the Judgment Day." It was quite shivery. I had just the same sensation at this point the other night at St George's Hall, when Sydney Grundy's brilliant adaptation was played by Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's employees in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital. True, the Benjamin Goldfinch was not the Benjamin of John Hare, nor was the voice the voice of John Hare; but Mr. Stubberfield's impersonation was, nevertheless, very convincing, and altogether artistic and well-considered. That omniscient uncle from Sheffield was made the most of by Mr. Arthur Andrews, whose Yorkshire accent was well-nigh irreproachable. Miss Mary Kingsley's Mrs. Goldfinch charmed me exceedingly, and Miss Annie Ferrell, whom I think I have seen already at the Strand Theatre, was a delightful Lucy Lorimer. (Oh, for an extended vocabulary of adjectives!) Her little sermon about feeding the robins made me, who am an unimpressible male thing, long to be so preached at by such a persuasive preacher. The comedy was preceded by a nigger entertainment by the "Magpie Minstrels." The ladies of the chorus looked particularly fetching in powder and patches—why doesn't somebody revive this picturesque costume for evening dress?—one of them, in the front row, bearing a startling likeness to Miss Winifred Emery in "Dick Sheridan."

The Artists Rifle Corps held high festival at their handsome head-quarters the other evening, when the first special smoking concert of the season was given. A programme of over forty "turns" was gone through admirably. The favourite of the evening was undoubtedly Miss Bessie Wentworth, who sang two of her charming plantation songs, supplementing each with a dance. The touching rendering of "The Wearing of the Green," by Miss May Glover, who accompanied herself on the harp, was also much appreciated. Miss Alice Atherton sang her clever "Barmaid Song," and as an encore the laughing song from the recent burlesque "Jaunty Jane Shore." Miss Marie Leyton effectively reproduced the serpentine dance, and Miss Jessie Holme and Miss Ray Marshall also sang. The songs of Miss Alice Leamar were also a great success. Among others who contributed to the jollity of the evening were Captain Fowler and Miss Frayelli, the shots; Mr. Harry Randall; and Mr. Charles King gave a clever sketch of the London Glee Singers. The "Artists" do not leave the task of entertaining entirely to their professional friends, the talent of the corps being well represented by Quartermaster-Sergeant Davis, Privates Bunston, Staples, and Dudley Causton, and Corporal G. C. L. Fry.

Miss Beatrice Harraden, the novelist, has lately been striving to regain health on an American ranch. She is still troubled, it seems, by an affection of the right forearm and hand, somewhat akin to writer's cramp, caused by too much 'cello-playing, and is therefore obliged to do her writing in what Gallery men would call ten-minute turns, using for the purpose a penholder of huge diameter.

Two "Gaiety Girl" people figure in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Cardiff, in the persons of Mr. Herbert Shelley and his wife,

Miss Rhoda Larkin, who is a niece of Miss Sophie Larkin. Mrs. Shelley started her dramatic career, as so very many others have, with Miss Sarah Thorne, at Margate, in 1887. She next joined Mr. Osmond Tearle's Company, in which she played all the boys' parts, and then went on tour with "Betsy," in which she achieved much success, and afterwards became understudy to vivacious Miss Lottie Venne, at the Comedy Theatre, where for a year she played in such pieces as "Nerves" and "May and December." One of her best rôles was in a little piece called "Madcap." At Cardiff Mrs. Shelley plays the boy's part of St. George. Mr. Shelley began his dramatic work with



Photo by Guggenheim, Wolverhampton.

MISS RHODA LARKIN AS ROSE BRIERLY IN
"A GAUITY GIRL."

Mr. Lester Wallack in New York, in 1888, playing in a round of old and favourite comedies. He came to England with Mr. Osmond Tearle,

and appeared in various Shaksperian pieces. Since then he has played in "Bootle's Baby," and has gone three tours with "Betsy." At the Cardiff pantomime he essays the part of the Wicked Baron in "The Babes." The Baron has many *aliases*, according to where the pantomime happens to be held. Thus the wicked old gentleman whom Mr. Shelley is to impersonate is called Baron Ystrad Rhondda, a name that is sufficient to frighten any child with. It may be noticed that Mr. Shelley has played the same part for three consecutive years.

I wish I could take one-half the young comedians in London to the German plays at the Royalty Theatre; not for the sake of the plays, though some of these are meritorious enough, but for the sake of seeing conscientious acting—acting, not, perhaps of the highest order, but, to use an almost obsolete *cliché*, good "all round." These Germans tackle farcical comedy in the same thorough manner in which they approach "Faust" and the heavy drama, believing that "Der Bibliotheker" and screamers of that kidney are quite deserving of honest work. One of these farces, "Pension Schöller," they produced the other night. It is a good-natured sort of burlesque, with a number of sly digs at common types, provocative of much Pharisaical chuckling. I chuckled like the rest of the audience; but the real interest of the evening lay, for me, not in the play, but in the determined efforts of everybody engaged to make the play live and have a very lively being. And they succeeded.

The task of looking after the uniforms and other costumes of the Emperor William is by no means a sinecure. All these different and greatly varying articles of attire, as diversified as those at the disposal of a "star" actor, are carefully kept, systematically arranged, in large ward-ropes, and at the head of the department is an official entitled the Obergarderobier, who has under his command two *valets-de-chambre*. The nautical uniforms are placed under the charge of an ex-sub-officer of the German Navy. Before the Emperor undertakes any one of his many expeditions the Obergarderobier is provided with an exhaustive list of all the dresses and other paraphernalia that will be required.

A BALLADE OF BOXES.

Oh, bother the burdensome Box!

Don't think I condemn in this way

The character changing with Cox,

The *loge* where we sit at the play,

The cuff on the ear which one may

Bestow on refractory lad,

The edging of flower-beds—nay,

I mean what is driving me mad.

O Christmas, the time for rude shocks

To one who would payment delay!

It thins my already scant locks,

And turns the last coloured ones grey.

Bank balances too, long have they

Diminishing tendencies had.

Hang Christmas, New Year, Boxing Day!

I mean what is driving me mad.

Gifts! Sweets, toys, books, watches, rings, frocks!

Adults, boys, girls, infants, betray

Such wants, and to-day there come knocks—

Dust-, post-, cab-men (such an array!),

With lamplighters, turncocks, to say,

"A trifle, Sir; we should be glad;

Merry Christmas to you, Sir." I pay—

I mean what is driving me mad.

ENVOI.

Tips! Householders cannot be gay

When you make the season so sad.

Am I parsimonious? Eh?

I mean? What? 'Tis driving me mad!

H. DEVEY BROWNE.



Photo by Guggenheim, Wolverhampton.

MR. H. SHELLEY AS BOBBIE RIVERS IN
"A GAUITY GIRL."

PANTOMIME GIRLS IN THE PROVINCES.

Pantomime is now in full swing all over the country, and the terribly arduous business of rehearsal has passed on into the even more trying stage of production. From a cursory glance at many of the chief announcements, I fancy that this season Messrs. Fred Locke, Wilton Jones, and Stanley Rogers will be found among the first half-dozen of pantomime librettists. As usual, many popular London theatrical and music-hall artistes are leaving, or have already left, to fulfil important provincial engagements. Miss Alma Stanley, lately the resplendent female villain in "The Derby Winner," plays Robinson Crusoe in the old Drury Lane pantomime of that name, transferred to the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle; Miss Marie Lloyd makes a new departure by appearing

MISS MARIE LLOYD.

Miss Marie Lloyd, whose chief artistic successes have hitherto been achieved in impersonations of roguishly demure girls, breaks new ground this Christmas, appearing, for the first time in her career, as principal boy in Mr. Brammell's pantomime at the Shakspeare Theatre, Liverpool. Her initial effort in this direction will doubtless be watched with a great deal of interest by her numerous admirers. Born at Hackney, Miss Lloyd narrowly escaped becoming a school-teacher, and her remarkably faithful imitatory reproduction, in her successful song "Whacky-Whack," of the methods of corporal punishment dealt out to refractory pupils would certainly indicate that she must have bestowed some attention at least on the application of this branch of teaching the young idea how to shout—shoot, we should say. Miss Lloyd always had a fancy for the stage, having taken prizes for elocution in her childhood. She made her actual *début* at the old Grecian Theatre, but prefers to date the commencement of her career from the Falstaff Music Hall, in Old Street. She speedily forged her way to the front, and was soon singing at four halls a night. One of her earliest successes was "Oh, Jeremiah, don't you go to sea." It was written by an old gentleman who was blind and who composed comic songs, which he dictated to his daughter. But Miss Lloyd's first big vocal success was undoubtedly "Then you wink the other eye," the history of which, by the way, illustrates her contention and the experience of most artistes that "very often," as she says, "you hit on a good song by the merest accident. There was," she adds, "a little convivial gathering in progress, and George Le Brunn, the composer, sat at the piano playing anything and everything. I said to him, in the way of a joke, about something that was going on, 'Oh, wink the other eye, George,' and he repeated the words, playing a sort of accompaniment. Well, it just occurred to us what a good song that would make. And so it did." Miss Lloyd has fulfilled three engagements in pantomime at Drury Lane under Sir Augustus Harris, and she has recently returned from a professional visit to America.

MISS ALMA STANLEY.

Miss Alma Stanley, the hero of Sir Augustus Harris's pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was so recently interviewed in these columns that it is superfluous to detail here the facts of her career.



Photo by J. Lacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MISS MARIE LOFTUS.

as principal boy at the Shakspeare, Liverpool; and Miss Mabel Love is included in the company at the Prince of Wales's, in the same city. At one of the two principal Manchester houses will be found Madame Helen Townshend's clever and rapidly growing pupil, Miss Dorothy Hanbury, Little Tich, and the Sisters Levey, of ostrich-dance celebrity; and at the other are engaged Mr. Charles Danby, Miss Lottie Collard, and Justin Huntly McCarthy's mother-in-law, Miss Marie Loftus. Miss Harriett Vernon is the Robinson Crusoe at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, while the Prince of Wales's, also in the Midland capital, enjoys the services of Miss Vesta Tilley as Dick Whittington, and Mr. Harry Pleon as Idle Jack.

MISS MARIE LOFTUS.

Miss Marie Loftus, who assumes the title-part in Mr. Thomas Ramsay's pantomime of "Sindbad" at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, this Christmas, is, as everybody knows, the mother of Miss Cissie Loftus, now Mrs. Justin Huntly McCarthy. She has been a public performer since she was three years old. Her first appearance was made in a pantomime at Glasgow, when she earned 3s. 6d. per week. Her salary the next time she visited "Glasgie" had jumped to £40 a week. She has played principal parts in pantomimes in London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, and Manchester, at the last of which she once assumed the dual rôle of boy and girl, the libretto being specially adapted to the parts. The year 1877 is a red-letter year for her. It was then that she made her first appearance in London, fulfilling an engagement as principal boy at the Surrey Theatre; and it was then that she sang her first comic song—at Leeds. Miss Loftus claims to have originated the prevailing methods which characterise the performances of contemporary serio-comic lady vocalists. "The 'serios,' in days of yore, she explains, 'wore one dress—a long one, as a rule—and it was customary, if a certain song became the rage, for a dozen or twenty artistes to sing it. New songs were not sought after as they are to-day, and I set the fashion in obtaining a *répertoire* always with an eye to new compositions. I also went in for character business and descriptive songs, and I was the means of introducing the 'pinafore' song." Miss Loftus's popularity is as great on the other side of the Atlantic (where her daughter is now figuring as a *comédienne* with the Daly Company) as in England. Eight years ago she toured the principal cities of the United States, for twelve months; three years ago she revisited New York.



Photo by Falk, New York.

MISS MARIE LLOYD.

PANTOMIME GIRLS IN THE PROVINCES.

MISS DAISY BALDRY.

Miss Daisy Baldry, who goes to the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, to play Alice in Mr. Michael Gunn's pantomime of "Dick Whittington," started her professional career as a chorister under the management of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, with whom she served a very useful apprenticeship at the Savoy. Following her service with him and other operatic *impresarios*, and after fulfilling several engagements abroad, Miss Baldry drifted into burlesque, and toured the provinces with Sir Augustus Harris's "Venus," in which she played, first of all, Bacchus, then Proserpine, and, finally, on Lady Dunlop's retirement, the part of Venus. In the production of "The Brigands," at the Avenue Theatre, the part of the Princess was entrusted to Miss Baldry, who had previously appeared in "The Old Guard." Her pantomime record includes engagements at Morton's Theatre, Greenwich, the Theatre Royal, Brighton, as Fairy Queen; and as principal girl at the Avenue Theatre, Sunderland, Comedy Theatre, Manchester, and Prince's Theatre, Bristol. In the production of "Binks" at the Strand Theatre, she figured as one of the Sisters La Di Da; and she has since been playing Flo Honeydew in the provincial production of "The Lady Slavey." In a recent newspaper beauty competition the place of honour was accorded to a photograph of Miss Daisy Baldry. To complete this brief chronicle, Miss Baldry, we may add, is married to Whimsical Walker, the well-known circus clown and comedian.

MISS ADA REEVE.

Miss Ada Reeve has been compelled to relinquish her part, temporarily, in "The Shop-Girl" at the Gaiety, to fulfil an engagement to play Jill in Mr. J. Pitt Hardacre's pantomime of "Jack and Jill," at the Comedy Theatre, Manchester. She returns, however, to the Gaiety after the termination of her present pantomime engagement, and it will probably be a long time before she appears again on the music-hall stage—of which she has been one of the chief attractions—as Mr. George Edwardes has secured her services for several years, and she seems desirous of adhering to the theatres for the future.

MISS MAGGIE DUGGAN.

Miss Maggie Duggan, who plays Aladdin this Christmas at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, is one of the latest recruits from the legitimate to the variety stage. Her migration was first suggested to her several years ago by Jenny Hill, while playing in the same pantomime as "the Vital Spark," whose enforced retirement is regretted by all music-hall-goers. It is barely six months since Miss Duggan made her *début* in the music-halls, but her success was immediate, emphatic, and complete. Miss

Duggan was born in Liverpool, and her first stage experience was gained as a child commanding a battalion of boy soldiers—who, by the way, were all girls—in a pantomime at the old Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool. Miss Duggan has played "many parts in her time," but, she ruefully remarks, she was not successful in drama. "In pathetic parts," she says, "I used to cry properly, just like a kid; and when you have 'faked up' your eyes with dark cosmetic, that gives the game away, and your tears grow funny. Whenever I go to see a drama now, I cry." Many eminent artists have been anxious to secure Miss Duggan as a model, and it may not be



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS ALMA STANLEY.

generally known that she is the original of Frank Dicksee's "Evangeline," and she has also "sat" to Alma-Tadema, Herbert Schmalz, Laslett L. Pott; and, "tell it not in Gath," her "counterfeit presentment" has also been utilised as an advertising medium by a well-known corset manufacturer, in the popular picture of a lady in *déshabille* holding up a looking-glass in one hand and toying with the fringe of her gown with the other. Miss Duggan's first big success in a principal boy's part was in "The Babes" burlesque, played by the Brough-Edouin Company. She was the Prince Belgravia in "Cinder-ElLEN" at the Gaiety, and she has appeared as second boy and principal girl respectively at Drury Lane Theatre; but she prefers boys' parts always.

MISS EMMELINE ORFORD.

Miss Emmeline Orford, the Robin Hood of Mr. Walter Hatton's pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, made her theatrical *début* as Margaret Plantagenet in "Richard the Third," under the management of Mr. Richard Mansfield. From "grave to gay, severe to lively," slightly reversing the poet's words, would, perhaps, best describe her next step, for, discarding Shaksperian tragedy, she allied herself with light opera, and appeared at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in "Maid Marian," afterwards migrating to the Lyric, where she played Zoe in "The Magic Opal," Nita in "The Mountebanks," and Josefa in "Incognita." An engagement at the Trafalgar Theatre followed, to understudy May Yohé in "Mamzelle Nitouche," and play in the farce "Terry"; and subsequently Miss Orford undertook a short provincial tour with "Mamzelle Nitouche," in which she assumed the title-part. This led up to her engagement for the part of Sindbad in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Bradford, which preceded her reappearance in town as Catesby in the burlesque of "Jaunty Jane Shore" at the Strand Theatre. But it was not till the production of "The Foundling" at Terry's Theatre that she was granted full scope for the exercise of her



Photo by W. McLiesh, Darlington.

MISS DAISY BALDRY.

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PANTOMIME GIRLS IN THE PROVINCES.



Photo by The Willons, Cheapside.
MISS BILLIE BARLOW.



Photo by A. Macnab, Glasgow.
MISS ROSE HAMILTON.



Copyright Photo by Retlaw, Edinburgh.
MISS HARRIETT VERNON.



Photo by Birles, Warrington.
MISS FLORRIE HEYWOOD.

PANTOMIME GIRLS IN THE PROVINCES.

she would appear as leading lady in a drama, the next as *prima donna* in an opera, and the next as chambermaid in a comedy. On returning from South Africa, she joined the late Fred Leslie, and played Katrina in "Rip Van Winkle." An engagement with Mr. Willie Edouin for the production of "Vanderdecken" followed, and she afterwards appeared for three consecutive seasons as principal boy at the Surrey Theatre,



Photo by Karoly, Birmingham.

MISS ADA TWIBELL.

London. In her pursuit of fresh conquests, Miss Moxon "exploited" several sketches in the music-halls, including "The Drudge," "The Evil Bird," and "Little Margaret." Her record up to date would be incomplete without a reference to her performance last Christmas as the principal boy at the Comedy Theatre, Manchester, where she achieved a remarkable success. Testimony to her popularity was evidenced on the night of her benefit, which attracted to the theatre an enormous audience, seventy per cent. of whom, it is interesting to note, were women, which prompted an onlooker to remark, "Call this a pantomime! Blowed if I don't call it Miss Moxon's mothers' meeting." Miss Moxon is engaged by Mr. H. Cecil Beryl for principal boy this Christmas at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, where her husband, Mr. Tom Craven, author of "The Ballad Singer," "Stowaway," "Fugitive," and innumerable other pieces, plays the principal comedy part.

MISS BILLIE BARLOW.

Contrary to general belief, Miss Billie Barlow is by birth "English, you know; quite English, you know," and not American, as has been often wrongly assumed. Possibly this impression originated from the fact that she spent some portion of her early professional career in the United States, where she first appeared under the management of Mr. D'Oyly Carte in a series of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. After leaving Mr. Carte's company, she was engaged by the American *impresario*, Mr. E. E. Rice, for his production of "Orphée aux Enfers," in which she assumed the rôle of Mercury. Subsequently Mr. John A. McCaull secured her services to sing in comic opera at the Casino, New York, and Miss Barlow afterwards made her *rentrée* into London at the Gaiety Theatre in the burlesque of "Adonis," transported to this country from the other side of the Atlantic by Mr. Rice. An engagement for the Gaiety burlesque of "Monte Cristo Junior" followed, and in the enforced absence of Miss Nellie Farren, Miss Barlow played the part of Edmund Dantes with such success that she was promptly "booked" by Messrs. Howard and Wyndham for principal boy in their pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne. At the conclusion of this, her first pantomime engagement, Miss Barlow decided to turn her attention to the music-halls, where she achieved an immediate and

emphatic success. Perhaps her most popular songs have been "Bubbles," "It's English, you know," and "Mashing the Band." In 1891 the Hon. George Coppin, the veteran Australian manager, engaged her for a starring tour of the colonies in burlesque, and on her return to England she appeared as the principal boy at the Theatre Royal, Bradford. Miss Barlow has been compelled to refuse, in consequence of her English engagements, several very tempting offers to go abroad this year, including one from managers Rice and Palmer to create the part of Little Christopher Columbus at the Garden Theatre, New York.

MISS HARRIETT VERNON.

Miss Harriett Vernon has in Robinson Crusoe, the *title-rôle* of the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, a part she has long wished to play, and it is not rash to prophesy that her impersonation of Defoe's immortal castaway will worthily rank with her other successful realisations of equally popular pantomime heroes. Born at Oxford, she made her professional *début* in a Leeds pantomime as a skater at the age of thirteen. When she appeared on the variety stage, several years later, she received the munificent salary of twenty-five shillings a week, and she confesses that at the time she had really no ambition to rise. Such a thing as studying art she never thought of till she migrated to the theatres. Mr. Edouin cast her for the part of Campi in his burlesque production entitled "The Japs," at the Novelty Theatre. "The critics," Miss Vernon says, "slated me for all they were worth. I suppose they resented an importation from the halls to the theatres. Anyhow, I attribute all my success to that slating. I made up my mind to show them that I could do something worth seeing. So I went in for hard study, with the result that my notices at the close of the run were of an entirely different tone." In Mr. Edouin's subsequent productions of "Vanderdecken" and "The Babes," she appeared in the principal boys' parts, and at Toole's Theatre she played Phœbe in "Billie Taylor." Then she forsook the theatres and returned to her early love, the variety stage, solely because, as she frankly admits, the music-halls offered stronger pecuniary inducements. She does not disguise her mercenary motive, but



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS GRACE HUNTLEY.

candidly says, "If the theatres will give me more money, I will go back to them." Her most successful songs, she thinks, have been "Cleopatra," "Sappho," and "Ting-a-ling," with its haunting refrain. Miss Vernon's pantomime record as principal boy includes seasons at Drury Lane; Theatre Royal, Manchester; Grand, Leeds; and Royal, Newcastle. As soon as the engagements she has up to the present contracted to fulfil will permit of it, Miss Vernon announces her intention to produce a comic opera, which may mean her return to the legitimate stage.



A REHEARSAL AT OLYMPIA.

PANTOMIME GIRLS IN THE PROVINCES.

MISS ROSE HAMILTON.

Miss Rose Hamilton, in returning to Sheffield to play principal boy at the City Theatre, is revisiting the scene of one of her earliest pantomime successes, for it was there she made a hit in "Sindbad" at the Theatre Royal. Miss Hamilton, it is perhaps unnecessary to state, is now a shining light in the music-hall world. But she candidly confesses that her first appearance on the variety stage must be written down an "awful" failure. "I was over-confident," she explains when discussing the matter. "I wouldn't rehearse, and refused to 'make up.' I sang two songs and wound up with a dance, and by the time I had done the

remarkably clever impersonations as principal girl in Mr. J. Pitt Hardacre's "Madcap Mavis," a pantomimic musical extravaganza, and as principal boy in the Milton Ray's successful burlesque of "Don Quixote." Miss Heywood is the wife of Mr. George Barrett, son of the late George Barrett, the popular comedian, and nephew of Mr. Wilson Barrett.

MISS ADA TWIBELL.

Miss Ada Twibell claims Manchester as her birthplace. She early evinced a fondness for pantomime, appearing, at the age of eleven, in "Dick Whittington" at the Theatre Royal of her native town; and, since that notable event, she has rarely been out of pantomime at Christmas, her services being eagerly contended for by managers anxious to secure an attractive and clever principal boy. For some time Ada and her sister Annie toured the music-halls as the Sisters Twibell. They were in New York in 1888, and took part in the reopening performance at Tony Pastor's New Theatre, built to replace the one destroyed by fire. Subsequently they made a tour of the principal towns of the United States. Afterwards the partnership existing between the sisters was dissolved, and Annie temporarily retired from the stage, while Ada elected to work the "Halls" as a "single turn." Last year she played Boy Blue in the Milton Ray's pantomime at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, where she achieved a remarkable success, which emboldened the management to re-engage her to return to the same theatre this Christmas, to play principal boy in Mr. Percy Milton's pantomime of "Beauty and the Beast." Miss Ada Twibell's husband, Mr. "Ted" Young, is a well-known performer in the music-halls, making annual incursions, like his wife, into pantomime at Christmas-time, and playing a principal comedy part in "the opening" and clown in the harlequinade.

MISS GRACE HUNTLEY.

Miss Grace Huntley, the Boy Blue of Mr. J. M. Chute's pantomime of "Bo-Peep" at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, is a burlesque actress, whose ability has received commendatory acknowledgment, not only in this country, but in Germany, Austria and the Netherlands, where she has appeared with Mr. Percy Hutchinson's company, playing the principal boys' parts in the Gaiety burlesques of "Carmen Up To Date" and "Faust." Among her Continental experiences she recalls, not with any degree of gratification, a week's quarantining at Verecioria, where she was confined to a tent in a field, with the rain pouring in torrents nearly all the time. Trieyeling, Miss Huntley admits, is her favourite amusement and exercise, and the character she likes best to portray is Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance." She has been prominently associated with numerous popular burlesques, including "Faust Up To Date," Arthur Roberts's "Lancelot the Lovely," "Airey Anne," "Jaunty Jane Shore," and "The Babble Shop." Under Sir Augustus Harris's management she has appeared as Aladdin in pantomime at Drury Lane and at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, and in his successful touring burlesques of "Venus" and "Orpheus and Eurydice." Recently, Miss Huntley has deserted burlesque for farcical comedy, and has been playing Lottie Singleton in "The County Councillor," and in "Dandy Dick," "The Magistrate," and "Aunt Jack," the parts associated in the provinces for some time past with the name of her sister, Miss Jenny Taylor, whose husband, Richard Edgar, an excellent comedian, died very suddenly a little while ago. Miss Huntley once confided to an interviewer that she was looking forward to the time when she would be able to retire from the stage and settle down on a farm she possesses at Dumfries in Scotland. That this contemplated retirement may be long delayed will be the wish—selfish, perhaps—of many playgoers.

MISS MARGARET WALLACE.

Miss Margaret Wallace, who appears in Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime at Birmingham, is a daughter of Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P. for East Edinburgh. She made her *début* in the provincial production of "Held by the Enemy," playing the delightful part of Susan, which was represented in town by Miss Annie Hughes. She spent a stock season at the Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, and then at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and afterwards with Mr. William Holland at Blackpool. She toured with Mr. J. H. Darnley, playing the part of Mrs. Midhurst in "The Solicitor," and she has played in "The Magistrate," "Caste," "The Paper Chase," and a host of other pieces. This is the first pantomime she has appeared in.

SONG:

If my poor words were colours,
A magic brush my pen,
Ah me! what radiant pages
My songs would make you then!
The fairest tints of morning
Should picture hopes for you,
My joy in your sweet living,
The sky's divinest blue.
In purples and in crimsons
My thoughts of you should twine,
And through them all my love, dear,
In purest gold would shine.—DOLLIE RADFORD.



Photo by Hans, Strand.

MISS MARGARET WALLACE.

audience was too dispirited even to hiss. That night I cried as I had never cried before, and made a solemn vow never to appear again before the footlights." Happily for the *habitués* of the music-hall, this rash resolution was not adhered to, and it speaks volumes for the pluck of Miss Hamilton that, undaunted by the failure of her first venture, she determined to "try, try, try again." But before re-submitting herself to public criticism, she worked hard for some time under a tutor, with the result that her next appearance on the halls was a success, and she is now well established as a popular favourite. Last Christmas Miss Hamilton was the principal boy in the pantomime of "Sindbad" at the Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, and she has also fulfilled important engagements at the Shakspeare Theatre, Liverpool, and the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton. Her best song, she considers, has been "All have a drink with me," which, by the way, she sang for fifteen consecutive weeks at the Middlesex Music-Hall, where she also played during the same period in the successful sketch, "Captain Jack."

MISS FLORENCE HEYWOOD.

It may not, perhaps, be generally known that Miss Florrie Heywood, whose reputation as a "serio" is now so well established, originally aspired to win fame as a ballad vocalist, and her first appearance on the music-halls, at the early age of sixteen, was as a sentimental singer. But she soon realised that success for her lay in another direction, and she blossomed forth as a "serio-comic," speedily becoming a great favourite with the *habitués* of the "Halls." Her most popular songs have been "Juggins," "Is it a Bird?" "I'm in the know, you know," "The Simple Maiden didn't understand," and "Molly Riley, O." Regularly each Christmas Miss Heywood makes an incursion into pantomime, appearing as principal boy or principal girl with unvarying success. Her most notable pantomime triumphs have been achieved at the Grand Theatre, Leeds; Theatre Royal, Sheffield; Grand Theatre, Islington, London; Princess's Theatre, Glasgow; and Theatre Royal, Birmingham. She is engaged to play Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast," at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, this Christmas. Miss Heywood has a *penchant* for burlesque, and she has recently been proving her versatility by her

THE ART OF THE DAY.



A VOTIVE OFFERING.

AN ART STUDY BY MESSRS. LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

ART NOTES.

The series of pictures published by Messrs. Lafayette, of Dublin, of which we reproduce herewith some specimens, show to what a point of excellence the reproduction of works of art of this character can be brought. The original pictures—if they exist—have earned the right to have applied to them the motto of the sun-dial in the Temple, "Pereunt et imputantur." They have passed out of knowledge, but the impressions they left behind have been reckoned, and, by the process known as the Meisenbach-Riffarth photogravure, they have already acquired popularity, and are in a fair way to extend it indefinitely. The "Votive Offering" is a good instance of the manner in which the "neo-classicists" of Germany are working out views which their brethren of the brush in France and England have made familiar to us. There is no question of placing the anonymous artist, whose work is here reproduced, on a level with Gérôme or Alma-Tadema. He appeals to a wider public,

and afternoon tea—and the successful purveyors will be those who not only cater for the popular taste, but, at the same time, succeed in improving it.

The Goupil Gallery at present contains an extremely interesting selection from the works of Mr. H. B. Brabazon, which, among one-man shows now on view in London, is the most attractive of its kind. Mr. Brabazon has some innate and instinctive sense of beautiful colour; he does not give you the impression so much of one who has consciously and laboriously built up his harmonies, as of one to whom those harmonies have come, as it were, in a vision. He is an impressionist, and combines with his impressionism a rare sense of conscientiousness, so that his effects are in nearly every instance purely beautiful, and—above all things—intelligible.

Take, for example, a little pastel, "Study on the Lake of Como," a brilliant little study in blues. Of all colours in the world, harmonies in blue are the most difficult to accomplish successfully; even painters with



THE OPERA BOX.

AN ART STUDY BY MESSRS. LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

and expresses, without ambiguity, his idea of a Greek religious rite. The box at the theatre might convey a suggestion to architects and managers of an arrangement by which greater comfort and, perhaps, greater conspicuousness might be given to the occupants. In the other productions of the Lafayette series we have variations of "the old, old story"—the duct which ends in a more or less harmonious solo, with adaptations of fisher-folk, somewhat of the Bal Masqué type, illustrative of the true give-and-take of lovers' little ways. The pictures are intended to meet a popular taste, and as such they are, as far as execution goes, far in advance of what formerly used to be provided for this object. The publishers would earn a debt of gratitude if they could maintain a certain level of art as well as of good sense in the pictures which they propose to issue. Such works, as is well known, are intended for purely decorative purposes, and a collection of this sort must necessarily be catholic in order to anticipate countless individual preferences. There is, however, no lack of artists at the present time who can produce designs which neither belong to the school of the "sickly-sentimental" nor attempt to illustrate the athletics of "Arry and Arriet," arrayed in fancy costume. Moreover, among the works of painters of the past, English as well as foreign, will be found innumerable works which appeal directly to the better taste and better judgment of all classes. It requires but little observation to be aware that every year there is an increasing appreciation of pictorial art—as there has been of superior confectionery

what must otherwise be called a refined sense of colour often go to wreck in their adventures into blue, so that when, in the case of a painter of faultless colour sense, his blue has gone wrong—as in one of the National Gallery Titians—we are fain to explain it as the effect of time upon the pigment. However, it is certain that Mr. Brabazon proves by this little pastel alone, if by nothing else, with how rare a delicacy of colour Nature has gifted him. Other drawings, such as "Naples" and "Flowers," are further examples of his art, which is best described by the word rare.

A more modest exhibition is that now on view at the Fine Art Society's rooms, where Mr. Percy Robertson claims the attention by a little collection of water-colours dealing with the Valley of the Wey and Charterhouse School. They cannot properly be described as much more than interesting, but interesting they certainly are. They do not pretend to very much, but they certainly fulfil such pretensions as they have. "Charterhouse School" itself is a very feeling piece of work, lying in the evening with the little mists rising around it. In the same gallery hangs a numerous series of drawings by Mr. Wimbush, which serve to illustrate and commemorate some of our great public schools, such as Eton, Winchester, and Harrow. His Winchester drawings are, perhaps, the most successful of the series, showing, as they do, an intimate sort of sympathy with the domestic charities of the Anglican Church.

"ALI BABA," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Perhaps some of us, of the old fogies, will declare that "Ali Baba," the new Alhambra ballet, is rather pantomime than ballet, and has an excess of comic business; but it is almost an academic complaint, and the general public will joy in the antics of Messrs. H. and A. Agoust as Ali and the famous donkey. However, there is plenty of entertainment for other tastes. Stung by the remarks that the Alhambra has lost its glory, the directors have opened their purses, or the company's, and the result is that the scenery is splendid and the dresses are gorgeous. At times the house gave gasps of pleasure as new beauties were presented.



A GROUP OF CORYPHÉES.

It cannot, perhaps, be pretended that the actual colouring in "Ali Baba" has the beauty that none save Wilhelm succeeds in reaching—nor, indeed, he always—but probably the number of people capable of taking full joy in exquisite blends of colour is small. Certainly, at the Alhambra when discords occurred, people said, "How lovely!" No doubt, this colour-appreciation faculty is analogous to musical taste, and since we know from the vogue of vulgarities in sound that, although the ears of the public have been trained for centuries, their development is small, it is but reasonable to expect that the eyes, whose education has been to a large extent neglected, should remain rudimentary. How far colour-combination can be deemed a science it is hard to say: it would be interesting to know whether a Wilhelm has definite laws of the harmony of colours or not, and what are his consecutive fifths, or octaves, or his *mi contra fa*.

One is disposed to regret that the story is not told more faithfully. For, since the ballet takes a well-known subject of a distinctly dramatic character, it seems unwise to sacrifice dramatic effect and eliminate matter vital to comprehension of the piece. No one unacquainted with the tale could understand the penultimate tableau at all, while the effective death of the elder brother, the curious episode of the tailor, and other parts are omitted. One has a compromise between spectacular and dramatic ballet, and, of course, some loss by reason of the concessions. Moreover, one is inclined to hint that it would be well to give some of our younger composers a chance. M. Jacobi has written lively music as a setting, but after the production of so many ballet scores as have come from his pen, one cannot expect much novelty of treatment or originality of melody or rhythm; one might suggest that to write music for every alternate work is a burden quite heavy enough for any man's shoulders.

Probably the most startling and attractive feature is the aerial dance of Mdlle. Grigolatis and her troupe. For years we have had the graceful *Ænea*, but, without disparagement, it may be said that the new aerial ballet is a far loftier flight than hers. Nothing so charming and remarkable in its way has been presented before. Moreover, Signorina Cecilia Cerri, the Fairy of the Grotto, proves to be a rather pleasing dancer. If honour is to be awarded wherever due, I should have

to give a long list of names; as it is, I must restrict myself to an expression of praise of M. Jacobi for the lively music he has written, to Miss Louise Agoust for her excellent performance as Morgiana, and to Miss Julia Seale, who made a capital Captain of the Robbers. The ballet, as a whole, is by far the finest given for years at the Alhambra. Among other improvements, I must mention the excellent and comfortable new stall seats, which are a boon and a blessing to all who sit on them.

MONOCLE.

MISS AGNES HEWITT ON TOURING.

Provincial touring is not without its drawbacks to the sensitive soul. A few days ago Miss Agnes Hewitt was regaling me with recollections of her touring days, and mentioned that her experiences were sometimes more ludicrous than pleasant. "I remember taking the heroine's part in a melodrama," she said, "in which I was compelled to undergo more than usual suffering, and to receive the worst possible treatment. In the end, of course, everything came right; my father or lover took me to his arms, telling me that all suffering was over, and that great happiness was in store for me. It was not exactly what he said, but the funny way he said it, that amused me most. He was a big, burly countryman, an excellent actor, but apt to get excited and lose all control over his aspirates. His last speech to me just before the curtain was said like this: 'Put your 'ed 'ere, and when I 'ear them bells a-ringging,' &c., while the church bells were pealing their best. I found it very difficult to come before the curtain to take my call with becoming seriousness, with that dreadful sentence re-echoing in my ears, but somehow or other I managed to get through the ordeal all right. Actresses have easy times now," continued Miss Hewitt, "in comparison with what they had to put up with in the old days. Now you hear of an actress starting with four or five pounds a week. I recollect receiving thirty shillings a week, and having to provide my own stage dress, which had to be very elaborate. Nowadays, too, stage-management is better, properties are made with due regard to size and perspective. It used to be absolutely unsafe to lean against or touch any prop, and this was a fact to be remembered if you wished to escape awkward accidents. I well recollect an example of this. I was playing in the provinces as the heroine of a melodrama, and the scene in the opening act was laid in a seaport town, outside a public-house at the side of the quay. A gallant ship had just entered the harbour, and was at anchor.

It was my business to sing outside this public-house, and then, not receiving any charity, to wander to the edge of the quay and contemplate suicide. One night I felt somewhat tired, and found the contemplation rather tedious. Quite unconsciously, I put my hand on the top of the nearest support, and leaned negligently against it. There was a suppressed titter, and someone from the wings called me to move. Then, to my horror, I found I had been leaning on the top-mast of the gallant ship, which, owing to the machinations of the property manufacturer, was no higher than myself."

B.



MDLLE. GRIGOLATIS AND HER FLYING BALLET.

THE BALLET "ALI BABA," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MDLLE. GRIGOLATIS, PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.



MDLLE. CECILIA CERRI, PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

MORGIANA (MISS L. AGOUST), ALI BABA (MONS. H. AGOUST),
AND GANEM (MISS HOOTON).

MESSRS. H. AND A. AGOUST AS ALI BABA AND HIS DONKEY.

THE BALLET "ALI BABA," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS JULIA SEALE, CAPTAIN OF THE FORTY THIEVES.



MISS HOOTON AS GANEM.



MISS L. AGOUST AS MORGIANA,



A GROUP OF CORYPHÉES,

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE ROMANCE OF IAR CONNAUGHT.*

The grotesque in history is nowhere more powerful than in the feeble rising of 1579 in Ireland, when a papal legate and a handful of Spaniards, captained by the singularly brave and in many ways remarkable man, Sir James Fitzmaurice, landed in County Kerry to conquer a nation and to establish a kingdom. As the record of the venture goes in many simple narratives, it is but a page of folly and audacity, a flash of madness and a glow of imbecility. In its greatest moments it scarce awoke Burleigh to a qualm of apprehension, or moved his Queen to an hour of trouble. And it was quelled by a few companies of footmen—quelled ruthlessly with slaughter and reckless bloodshed, and an attempt at extermination of the “hell and devil begotten Irishry” of which Dan’l Druce speaks so eloquently in this work.

It is around this fateful and bloodthirsty emprise that the Hon. Emily Lawless has built her new book. A strange book it is, unlike anything I can remember during the decade: a book full of the wildness of the Irish peasant life of the sixteenth century, of the fascinating romance and



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

tradition of the mountains of Iar Connaught. Stranger people than Maelcho and Cormac Cas and the whole tribe of the O’Flaherties never breathed in the pages of a novel. There is a freshness and a picturesqueness, almost a weirdness, about them which defy description. And, from the moment of the opening of the story, the same spirit of grim fable and haunting legend inspires the reader and carries him swiftly through the romance.

Hugh Fitzwilliam Gaynard is the nephew of Sir Meredith, who has a fine castle by the wolfish mountains of Iar Connaught. But Sir Meredith has a blood-feud with the De Burghs, and one night he and his serving-men are taken and slaughtered in their beds while the red cock crows in the barns and meadows without. Hugh himself might have looked for the taste of a knife between his ribs but for the service of an old man, who leads him by a back staircase to the courtyard and bids him begone. He would “begone” cheerfully enough, but he has not the shadow of a notion where to bego to, and he creeps by bog and briar through long hours until he is sick and faint with his weariness. In the proper time, and when he is near enough to death for the purposes of the chapter, he comes to the foot of the bold and bleak mountains of Connaught. He has heard marvellous tales of the wild men who inhabit the hidden valleys and dark places of the ranges, but he is too hungry to think of them, and he strikes upon a path and mounts towards the summit. By-and-by he comes to a trap-door, with a curious wicket-gate in it, and, while he is standing to wonder, a pack of wild dogs spring at him savagely, and are upon the point of tearing him limb from limb. At this moment a woman, tall and mop-haired and hag-like, appears to play

the rôle of helping angel, and to drive the dogs from their prey. Hugh passes the gate and finds himself in a little valley, surrounded by wretched huts, and peopled by huge, matted-haired, dirty women, and a few old men. He is hurried to one of the foulest of the huts for prison, and locked securely until such time as the warriors of the O’Flaherties—the tribe he has fallen upon—shall return from their pillage.

Now Cormac Cas, the prophet and the holy man of the O’Flaherties, loves a Sassenach dearly. He loves him more particularly when he has him under stone and wood in Glen Corril. For then he can kill him by inches, hanging him head downwards from a high rock, and letting the great birds pick his bones. When he returns to the glen and learns that a Sassenach is indeed in his power, his eyes glisten and he blushes with his joy. He would have killed Hugh by inches cheerfully, and was upon the point of doing so, but for the intervention of the mop-haired lady, who, lacking other means, scratches the boy on the back with some wonderful token, and so makes him an O’Flaherty in *sacula sæculorum*. For the moment the danger is done with. The boy is kept in close confinement for a spell; he is then sent herding in the charge of Flann-an-pus, a hideous dwarf, who takes opportunity to tell him that of all the wonderful men of Ireland, Maelcho is the most wonderful. Here is the dwarf’s description of the giant—

“It is not so much the height or the bigness of him, I would have you to know, young Sassenach, not the bigness of his body at all. . . . No, it is the dreadful, grand, horrible, frightful, glorious looks of him that scares the people so that they give up their lives when he looks at them. When Maelcho, the son of Murglas, opens his mouth, then, I tell you, it is like this, only ten thousand times bigger.”

He suits the action to the word, and goes on to speak of Maelcho’s eyes—

“And when he opens his eyes, his great, terrible, green, scowling, red-lidded, flashing eyes under his black, roof-like, bristling eyebrows, then the hearts of those that see him are sick like the hearts of chickens inside their bodies, even like soft, sick, callow, tender, down-covered chickens when a great, fierce, tearing, powerful, yellow-clawed eagle of the Bennaboolas hovers over and sinks down upon them.”

Hugh is duly impressed with this description, and by-and-by, when he has escaped from the O’Flaherties, he runs against the very man. Maelcho has landed with Sir James Fitzmaurice and the handful of Spaniards, and is tending Sir James’s children on the beach of Kerry. He introduces himself to Hugh by cracking his skull; but the boy, having ridden with death for some days, comes round, and is tenderly nursed by the wonderful giant. It is thus that he sees something of the rebellion and of the ruthless bloodshed with which it was accompanied. And when he has played his part in the story, he steps aside to permit us to worship Maelcho in all his glory, a great-hearted slayer of men, who can spend his morning carving warriors into small pieces, and his evening tending the little *girsha* ladies, who are his dearest charge. A wonderful character, full of a fine humanity and an ennobling courage, a man great in his sufferings, strong in his failure, pathetic to tears in his death, and in many ways one of the most remarkable persons that the fiction of the year has given to us.

This echo of a story is sufficient to show how picturesque a thing the author of the book has seized upon. Her power of description was always notable; it is more than praiseworthy in her latest effort. Rarely have I read anything prettier than the account of the great forest of Limerick, anything more grim than her unsparing narrative of the slaughter of the Irishry and of the devastation of villages, which ran with the blood of infatuated peasants and imbecile leaders. It may be that the work suffers here and there for lack of dialogue, and would have been the lighter to read if there had been but one thread of interest. But admitting this, it is a remarkable book, a book which will add much to her reputation and to the literature of a wild, a fable-loving, and a very strange people. “Maelcho” must take high place among the adventure books of the year.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

“Oh list to me, sweet Marjorie,
I love you to despair.”
She tossed her dainty golden head,
And hummed a careless air.
Then vowed he all a lover’s vows,
And swore his heart would break,
But stern was Mistress Marjorie—
Nor answer would she make

“Then fare ye well, sweet Marjorie,
None other will I wed—”
When lo! Behold, she turned about,
And this is what she said—
“Love means so little nowadays,
No answer should it bring;
But wed you say—oh, prithee, stay,
That’s quite another thing.”

* “Maelcho: A Sixteenth Century Narrative.” By the Hon. Emily Lawless. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



BOXING NIGHT.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



SMALL BOY (being engaged in Pantomime) : "Yes, Sir : 'e's the tallest, but I got the biggest feet."



STAGE MANAGER : " You really ought to pay your 'sub.' at the club ; your name is on the board."

COMEDIAN : " Good 'ad.,' old boy. Good-day."



PAST AND PRESENT.

"No, thanks; I never smoke before ladies!"

IN THE STUDIO.

(Drawn by Fred Pegram.)



Géraudel's Pastilles act by inhalation and absorption directly upon the respiratory organs for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, catarrh, asthma, laryngitis, &c. Much preferable to pills, potions, and syrups, &c., which only irritate the stomach, without reaching the seat of the disease. Their effect is instantaneous. Géraudel's Pastilles are most agreeable to the taste, and contain the purest essence of Norway pine-tar, which has attained greater success in bronchial and catarrhal affections than any other substance or drug hitherto employed. They contain no narcotic or other injurious drug, and, unlike numerous other cough remedies, are not required by the Act of Parliament to bear the label "Poison." They are entirely harmless, and can be used by old and young without danger. They can be used at all hours, before or after meals, without the slightest inconvenience. Slowly dissolved in the mouth, they give off a soothing, refreshing, and healing vapour of pine-tar, which is thus breathed into the bronchia and lungs upon the very seat of disease, affording immediate relief and effecting a gradual and lasting cure. Owing to their direct action upon the bronchial tubes and lungs, they are infinitely superior to all other remedial agents. Géraudel's Pastilles are admirable in voice affections, strengthening the larynx and preserving the voice. They should be used constantly by smokers and by all whose vocal organs have any unusual strain to undergo. They are invaluable to those who are liable, owing to their occupation, to inhale irritating and noxious vapours or dust. Géraudel's Pastilles were the only pine-tar preparation to which an award was given by the International Jury of the Exposition Universelle of 1878; Gold Medal, Paris, 1885; tried by the French Government, by Ministerial decision, on the advice of the Board of Health; authorised in Russia by the Imperial Government, with the approval of the Medical Board. Price per case, 1s. 1½d., with directions for use. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or will be sent post free on receipt of price, from the Wholesale Dépôt for Great Britain, Fassett & Johnson, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

ARTIST (to his model): "It's no use continuing to pose if you cough like that. Why the dickens don't you take Géraudel's Pastilles?"

THE FIVE SENSES.

THE COMBINED USE IN A PRACTICAL FORM MEANS COMMON SENSE,
or in other words

THE ACME OF THIS LIFE.

No Power is of any Value, save to him who can put it to a Good Use.

"WAR IN A CHRISTIAN LAND IS A LIVING LIE."—*Times*.

WAR.

"O World!

O Men! What are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate."

Byron.

RUSSIA and ENGLAND.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES in Russia

HAS bridged over difficulties between

TWO Great Asiatic Powers, while TONS weight of official correspondence

WOULD not have sufficed to RAISE a mere plankway."

WHAT is more terrible than war? OUTRAGED NATURE.

She kills and kills, and is never tired

Of killing: till she has taught man The terrible lesson he is slow to learn—

That Nature is only conquered By obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce

When she is offended, as she is Bounteous and kind when she is obeyed.

Oh! would to God that some man Had the pictorial eloquence

To put before the mothers of England

The mass of preventible suffering



Which exists in England

Year after year! (Kingsley.)

How much longer must the causes Of the startling array of

Preventible deaths continue unchecked?

WHAT higher aim can man attain THAN conquest over human pain?

FOR the PREVENTION of DISEASE by natural means use

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

To all LEAVING HOME for a CHANGE.

DON'T GO WITHOUT a BOTTLE of

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid rash acidulated Salines, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to prevent the bile becoming too thick (and impure), producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness or adhesiveness in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a serious illness.

THE FATE OF A NATION WILL ULTIMATELY DEPEND UPON THE STRENGTH AND HEALTH OF THE POPULATION.—*Deaconsfield*.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GENERAL SKOBELEFF!!

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is ONLY possible by the

AID OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

"We ought to be friends. . . . Why should two European Powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? **WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT.**"—*The Russian Advance towards India*.—C. MARVIN, page 88.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM."

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimney-piece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my 'vade mecum.' Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

When Eno's Salt betimes you take
No waste of this Elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this, the perfect pick me up."

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1889, he adds:—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,

Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"Egypt, Cairo.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of my duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL 19TH HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

PHENOMENAL HEALTH IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—"Cavendish Square, W., Oct. 23, 1891.—Dear Sir,—I have recently returned from eastern Equatorial Africa, where I lived for upwards of twelve years. I enjoyed phenomenal health, and, in my opinion, it was undoubtedly owing to the daily use of your 'FRUIT SALT,' the beneficial qualities of which I had previously found in England. I have no hesitation in saying that my life was preserved by it. On my way home I had a severe attack of intermittent fever, the sea was rough, and the ship's medical attendant was (as that officer usually is) prostrate with 'mal de mer,' and unable to attend to anyone. The fever gained and gained on me, but after a few doses of 'FRUIT SALT' I at last fell into a refreshing sleep, and found on awakening that the intense thirst had gone, and long before I had arrived at Aden was as well as I had ever been in my life.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, ANGLO-AFRICAN."

THE VALUE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" CANNOT BE TOLD. ITS SUCCESS IN EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, and AUSTRALIA PROVES IT.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BENEATH THE ROUGE.

BY CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

A woman sat at her dressing-table, in front of the mirror, and dabbed cheeks that were livid with patches of pink colour. Her maid folded and put away some drapery that had been flung down on the bed, and watched her mistress furtively. Downstairs there were preparations for a big party, and the daylight shone on the silver and orchids on the dinner-table, much as it shone on the face of the master of the house, with the odd pucker of discontent between his brows, ready and waiting in the pretty drawing-room; as it shone on those obstinate blotches of colour, which had to be renewed so often, in order to hide the wife's ashen skin.

Mrs. Marston had run away from her first husband and been the subject for a famous divorce case. The companion of her flight, Lewis Marston, had married her directly the decree was made absolute, and a certain less particular section of society consented to overlook her lack of morals, so long as she had a good *chef* and gave amusing parties.

There was one child of her first marriage left in its father's care, and this little girl of ten summers was lying dangerously ill.

The glass reflected eyes that were strained and wild. She pencilled a black line under the lower lid, and she thought as she did so—

"They ought at least to let me see her. To be turned away from the house was cruel, but Charles always was hard. He will never forgive, and then that other woman will be bending over her bed, will listen to her poor little weak voice, will nurse her, and make much of her, will take my place."

She blackened one eyebrow, and a tear fell splash on to one of the silver brushes.

"Only just to have seen her for one minute—crept in like a stranger and looked at her face. Three years ago! Only three years since she saw me, and yet they will have taught her to forget. My darling little girl, my own little girl; oh, God, help me!"

She began on the other eyebrow, but her hand shook.

"What a fright I shall look to-night. Marie, bring me all my diamonds—I can't do without them, my eyes look so dull. Bother this rouge, it won't stick on. There, I'll make it somehow."

She thought, as the maid fastened a glittering tiara in her hair, that if the child died that night, she could have no means of hearing, and she suddenly started up, and sat down at a writing-table. She wrote to an old friend, a man who had stuck to her first husband and cut her dead when she passed him in the street, and the letter ran thus—

DEAR SIR JOHN,—For pity's sake, let me know how Daisy is. I am half mad with anxiety. Please let the pain I am suffering excuse the liberty I take in troubling you. DOROTHY MARSTON.

She sent her maid with the letter at once, with a command to find Sir John Deane, and get an answer, if possible. Then, with a walk like a queen, in a dress from Worth, with her bediamonded head, and the roses on her cheeks, she descended to the drawing-room to receive her guests.

"My dear, you're d—d late," said her husband.

She had long ceased to expect any companionship or sympathy from him, so she answered carelessly—

"Am I? It doesn't matter, as no one has arrived."

"But it does matter," he began, when the door opened to admit a guest.

There was a young Guardsman with a fair face who thought Mrs. Marston a "good sort," and flirted with her desperately in an elementary fashion. There was a society doctor, with a plausible manner, grey hairs, and green enjoyment of the sympathy and interest of pretty women. He sat next a stout lady with a contented smile and placid blue eyes. She was Mrs. Marston's best friend, and a little deaf. Most of the women were fast, and most of the men were horsey, and they all agreed at dinner that they had never seen their hostess looking so well.

"We shall meet at Hurlingham to-morrow," whispered the Guardsman.

He was a nice boy, and he defended Dorothy Marston when her own sex reviled her.

She thought "To Hurlingham, and Daisy perhaps dying." Aloud she said, "I'll come; I can drive you down, if you like. You had better lunch here first."

"Charmed, of course," he murmured.

The man on her right asked her if she had won money on the Derby. She fancied she heard her maid's voice in the hall, and she wondered if she had returned with any news as she answered, "I made a little. Lewis was horribly unlucky. He insisted on backing some beastly outsider."

Then she laughed, sipped her champagne, and glanced at an old admirer halfway down the table. A timid little woman at the other end caught the look, and hated her for it. The recipient was the girl's husband.

"And now tell me some delightfully naughty scandal," Mrs. Marston said to the horsey man. The latest and best you know."

"Mrs. Graham?"

"Oh, she's an old story."

"Give you my honour—new edition—"

"Really! Go on,"

"Warned off the bookstalls."

"Well, I'm not a bookstall."

As he paused, she thought, "Marie can't have found Sir John. I wonder if they have a good nurse. They might have let me see her just for one moment. Children rarely take to a stepmother, but Daisy used to love everyone."

"So Mrs. Graham has even overstepped the bounds of modernity," she said aloud.

"Taken the barrier in one stride."

"Bravo, I am always grateful to a woman who gives me something notorious to talk about."

And she thought, "I wonder if she suffers much, I wonder if she is conscious. They said 'No better.' Could that mean she was worse? How all these people would chatter and whisper if they knew the situation to-night: not one of them would be sorry; yes, Hilda would, poor frightened little woman, because her baby died, although I do flirt with her husband. And my baby—oh, God! how happy I was over



"My dear, you're d—d late," said her husband.

Daisy! and now—it's my own fault for leaving her, but how could I know she was going to be ill?"

Then she started, and laughed.

"I didn't catch what you were saying. Yes; someone bet Leila's legs weren't the same length; it doesn't show when she's dancing, and I don't believe it. Some silly little boy asked—no, I can't tell you: that isn't a pretty story."

The room, with its brilliant lights, its sound of voices, and its laughter, faded from sight. In imagination she was carried far away, to the little bed-room next the nursery in the old house. She bent over Daisy, who slept and dreamt of mamma—the real mamma, not her new one—and she said to the cold, stern faces around her, "Have pity! let me kiss her once—I won't disturb her, I won't wake her." Perhaps they might consent, and let her creep away, having seen her baby and kissed her, as in the old happy days.

She heard the Guardsman ask her a question, and replied at random.

"Yes; I am going to act as a Greek goddess; it's a queer kind of play, but one can do anything nowadays, and Lady Lane acts in it, so that makes the whole thing so eminently respectable. She'll die of dullness, poor old dowd. Her husband's a nice boy—he got me into the show."

She stretched out her hand and pulled an orchid to pieces, and the room faded from sight again.

She stood near the little bed. Daisy was awake and knew her. They weren't angry; they were kind; they let her hold her close; let her stay to nurse her; let her soothe her as only a mother, even the most degraded, can. Charles forgave for the baby's sake, and let her stay just till she got well.

She pulled herself together and rose to leave the room. In all her dreams she never saw a sad picture, save that it was sad to see the child suffer. Of course, she was certain to get well.

As the footman handed her the coffee when upstairs, she asked carelessly—

"Has Marie returned?"

"An hour ago, Mum," he said.

She started. "With no letter for me?"

"No, Mum. She said not."

"All right. Mrs. Barker has changed her mind and will take some milk. Hand it to her, please."

So she couldn't hear that night. The notion made her reckless. Her fair, placid friend shouted some gossip in her ears as is the manner of deaf people. The gentlemen joined them, and a singer sat down at the piano.

The song over, amid loud applause, a footman opened the door to admit a gentleman. He had asked to see Mr. Marston alone, but the



The painted, noisy wife of his old friend rose to greet him.

man had blundered, misunderstood him, and announced him as one of the evening's guests.

"Sir John Deane."

The painted, noisy wife of his old friend rose to greet him, and she knew why he was there as well as if he had spoken.

He murmured some excuse, and drew her husband out of the room.

The whole place swam before her eyes; she was struck numb. Only sublime pity could have forced him to visit her again. Daisy dead!—she had read it in the trouble in his face—Daisy dead, dead! Her own little baby cold and dead, and she not there to hold her in her arms, to kiss her just once more, to weep over her—to—

Her friend was speaking. She struggled back to consciousness; to hear her say in her loud, blatant voice—

"Fancy Sir John coming to visit you again, Dolly! What a triumph for you to-night has been!"

The whole roomful of people heard, and they looked at Mrs. Marston. She smiled faintly; the colour in her cheeks did not vary, nor were her eyes dim, but her lips, for some strange reason, had turned blue, and her voice when she answered had a ghastly sound.

"How funny you are, dear! 'What a triumph,' did you say? 'What a triumph to-night has been!'"

They took leave of her one by one, and left her there face to face with her triumph alone.

TWO MEETINGS.

"I think we've met before?" "I'm glad, sincerely!"

She sweetly smiled, and gave her finger tips, Encased in softest suède, then said austere—

"Not in the street!" He'd pressed them to his lips.

The days flew fleet as thought—flew past recalling;

Walks, talks, eyes, sighs; so little yet so vast!

Plays, parties, presents, piers! Expense appalling!

Un-Cræsus-like, the lucre wouldn't last.

"I think we've met before?" "I'm glad, sincerely!"

He sweetly smiled, and vaguely ate his cane.

"Your conduct's somewhat strange," she said severely;

"We meet as strangers when we meet again." A. C. Y.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

As the 'Parliamentary' recess rolls on, men are praising Sir William Harcourt with great unanimity. He, at least, has made no speeches; having nothing particular to say, he has said nothing. Whereas his nominal chief has been talking much, with the result that each several speech has been devoted chiefly to explaining away all the others. In particular, has Lord Rosebery put his foot in it in the famous speech concerning words of two syllables. Attempting to account for the Brigg defeat, the Premier enumerated all the mighty forces against his side—"Nearly all the wealth of the country, nearly all the Press, nearly all local influences, and nearly all men of education," and then went on to doubt, ironically, whether any Radical could spell words of two syllables.

Whereat Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, rather too eager to snatch an advantage, pointed out how humiliating it was for the representative of a party that had claimed credit for its labours in the cause of education, to acknowledge that his hopes rested chiefly on the illiterate, even on those who could not spell. Lord Rosebery, already, it would seem, repenting him of his admissions, threw back the irony of the "two-syllable" joke on the sentence before it, half recollecting that he preceded the remark by "We are told, forsooth," or words to that effect. Now it seems unfortunate that, as far as reports go, "we are *not* told, forsooth," anything to bear out the Premier's recollections. Further, if, as Lord Rosebery now bethinks himself, he was only repeating the "pompous platitudes" of his political opponents; then we must believe that, instead of giving the real reasons for the Brigg election, he stated what "he was told, forsooth," were the causes working against Radicalism, and, in fact, never tried seriously to account for the defeat.

The word "forsooth" is an unimportant one. In the Latin prose composition of our youth we shook a playful *scilicet* into our sentences, as if from a pepper-caster. As we grew older, however, we knew that even Latin adverbs and Greek particles had their uses and meanings, and that even "forsooth" does not go for nothing. Here, the particular sentence which Lord Rosebery makes ironical by an interpolated "forsooth" is one of a series of connected sentences, some of which are obviously serious. Where, as Mr. Chamberlain indeed asks, is this political "forsoothsayer" to stop? No, though we are told, forsooth, that the Premier, forsooth, intended to say, forsooth, "We are told, forsooth," yet, forsooth, looking at the context, forsooth, we must entirely, forsooth, decline to accept his statement for sooth.

Even the sentence, obviously humorous, about the two-syllable words can only be called ill-judged. It is one of those easily remembered and easily twisted remarks of which Lord Salisbury has hitherto been the greatest perpetrator, and from which he has been the greatest sufferer. Lord Salisbury one day, speaking on Home Rule, and combating the theory that self-government was a blessing in itself, without reference to the fitness of the nation to which it was granted, happened to say, as an extreme illustration, that no would think of granting self-government to Hottentots. Instantly he was charged with calling the Irish Hottentots; though, as the Irish already possessed some measure of self-government, such a remark on his part would have made nonsense of his whole argument. So, too, in answering the argument that Parish Councils would make the labourer's life bright and amusing, Lord Salisbury, knowing the deadly dulness of all representative bodies, remarked that a circus would probably be more calculated to effect that end. This innocent truism was twisted into a declaration that the labourers were only fit for a circus. So, too (political parties being generally equal in stupidity and unscrupulousness), it will be blazed abroad throughout the constituencies at the next General Election that Lord Rosebery has said that no Radical can spell words of two syllables, and, therefore, that all who can spell words of two syllables, or would like to do so, or think they could do so if they tried, must vindicate their intelligence by voting for the Tory or Liberal-Unionist.

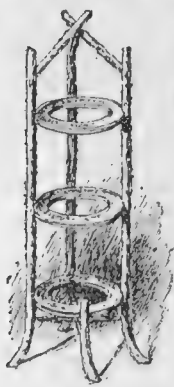
And, indeed, the carping Conservative might find some more or less plausible confirmation of the charge he brought. He might point out that, as the Radicals are obviously unable to spell or understand a simple trisyllable like "Rose-be-ry," their dissyllabic attainments are probably weak, to say the least; and that while they can reiterate monosyllabic cries such as "Home Rule," "One Man, One Vote," or "Down with the Lords!" they fail to make progress with even "Lo-cal Ve-to," and are hopelessly at sea with polysyllables like "Dis-es-tab-lish-ment."

Again, there are Radicals—good Radicals—whose sole title to fame seems to lie in a habit of writing the two-syllable words *Labour* and *Programme* as *Labor* and *Program*.

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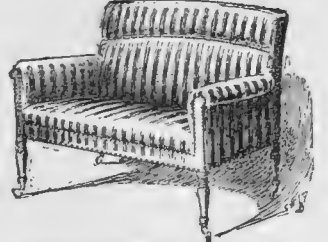
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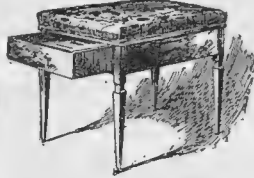
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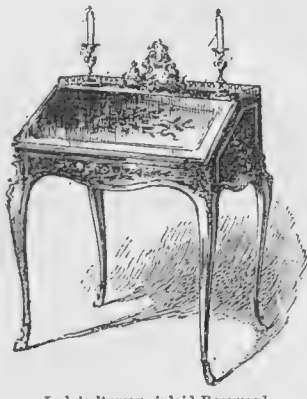
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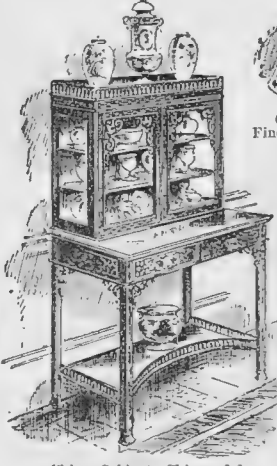
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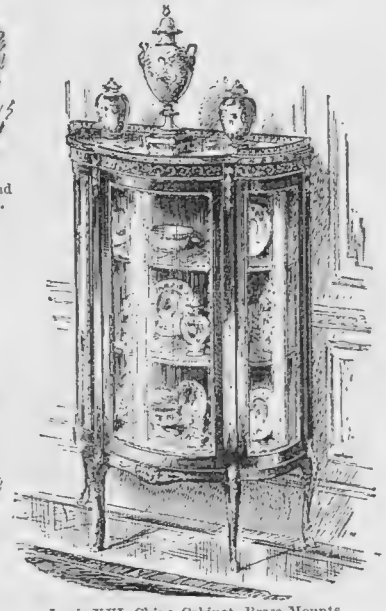
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Rudolf Lehmann is the latest of the artists to give us his recollections ("An Artist's Reminiscences." Smith, Elder). In a very direct and simple style he tells of his youth in Hamburg and Paris, his travels, commissions, and the people he has met. Mr. Lehmann has seen much in his lifetime, and he has not made his book out of mere trivialities. He can hardly be said to have the gift of putting his matter in the most effective form; but with a little searching you come across not merely interesting names, but interesting facts as well. His first meeting with Adelaide Ristori, in 1841, in a little open-air theatre in Florence, and his choosing her as the model of a Madonna—a commission from the French Government—are among the most picturesque incidents described by him.

Mr. Crockett has a marvellous productive power. Theorists may shake their heads and bid him to a more leisurely pace. But he stills the warning on our tongues by giving us, on the top of all his recent work, so pleasant a tale as "The Playactress," which Mr. Unwin has issued in his "Autonym Library." There are excellent points about the little story: in none of his bigger works has he proved himself to have so clear an understanding of widely differing human characters, while the austere old scholar-clergyman's innocent examination of London under the guidance of the experienced street-boy Tommy is delightful.

After reading every page of the *Minster*, one may fairly congratulate Messrs. A. D. Innes on the first number of this new illustrated magazine. There are 112 pages of well-printed, interesting matter for sixpence, in a handsome purple-and-gold wrapper. Two complete stories, by James Payn (who was "intended for the Church," so is quite appropriate in the *Minster*) and George Gissing, supply the needful confectionery of fiction. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Welldon contribute excellent articles on graver topics. Mr. Corney-Grain is as delightful in print as he is at St. George's Hall—no higher praise could be paid to the genial entertainer, who amusingly recounts his experiences. The article on Bishopsthorpe is particularly good, and Archbishop Thomson's photographs prove what an expert he was in the art of photography. Sir Edwin Arnold writes a capital account of Japan; Sir Benjamin Baker is worth reading on the topic of "War and Engineering"; there is a pleasant causerie on books by George Saintsbury; and a children's page, a drawing by Linley Sambourne, and an "Animals' Corner" are other features of this new magazine.

In justification to Mr. William Watson's eulogists, in answer to the cold doubts of some other critics—he can hardly be said to have any detractors at the present moment—comes his new "Odes and Other Poems" (John Lane). There are things in the book to stick in the memory—things not to listen to merely with the ear, but with the mind as well. I do not think the poems represent his full powers: he has surpassed, perhaps, even the best here. But they probably show all the lines along which his powers will naturally develop themselves; and, though he is only at the beginning of his career, a reader making up his mind about the qualities and limitations of Mr. Watson's poetry from these poems will very likely not be proved far wrong by any future productions. He has two or three notes so clear that it is almost impossible that these should not prove in the end his strongest, as they are felt to be now.

Two, at least, of these notes or manners are far removed from the habits and influences of the actual day that is with us, though they are modern enough—

Most rocks the pine that soars afar,
When leaves are tempest-whirled;
Direst the crash when turrets are
In dusty ruin hurled;
The thunder loveth best to scar
The bright brows of the world.

The sentiment and metre here can be fully appreciated by a schoolboy. Schoolboys make echoes of such very passably pleasing to the ear. Yet the clear melody, the stately rhythm, the economy of force in lines like these are according to a model, and have dared a test, from which most versifiers would do well, for their credit, to fight shy. It would be wronging Mr. Watson to quote "To Licinius" as typical of his powers, but it represents strength of a kind which, among the verse-writers of to-day, he is almost alone in possessing. The Horatian mode he must inevitably return to again and again.

He is almost alone, too, in the possession of an inspiration which adds dignity and weight to his poetry. His interest in the general corporate well-being of the world may be counted to him, at the moment, for originality, so widespread is the scorn, or, at least, the distaste, for public concerns felt by the *littérateurs* of the day. Mr. Watson retains, among other good old English poetical traditions, the belief that there need be no divorce between civic life and the muses. We are apt to agree that most modern verse is but pretty trifling, when, by contrast, we read such lines as—

Quests of the ages, at To-morrow's door,
Why shrink we? The long track behind us lies,
The lamps gleam and the music throbs before,
Bidding us enter; and I count him wise,
Who loves so well man's noble memories,
He needs must love man's nobler hopes yet more.

In the clear, ringing note of the Horatian stanzas, in the civic spirit—though the latter finds commonplace expressions in "A New

National Anthem"—lie his individual interest, up to the present moment, at least, though greater charm and sweetness are to be found in verses of an inspiration and in a manner more generally shared by his contemporaries. "The First Skylark of Spring" is, perhaps, the gem of the volume. Its metre is delightful—

To all my songs there clings the shade,
The dulling shade of mundane care.
They amid mortal mists are made—
Thine, in immortal air.

And the detached lines and passages that thrill one while reading form an unusually large proportion of the book. This from "The Sovereign Poet," for instance—

The undelivered tidings in his breast
Suffer him not to rest;
He sees afar the immemorable throng,
And binds the scattered ages with a song;

Or this, from a "Song in Imitation of the Elizabethans"—

Vain the envious loam that covers
Her of Egypt, her of Troy:
Helen's, Cleopatra's lovers
Still desire them, still enjoy.
Fate but stole what Song restored:
Vain the asp, vain the cord,

could be matched several times over.

O. O.

MRS. RAILTON'S FAIRY BOOK.*

The trail of the fairy is over us all at holiday-times like the present, and gossamer literature of appropriate seasonable airiness escapes hourly from the printer's hand. Among many fantasies and freaks of fiction which have been recently rendered into well-bound Anglo-Saxon, not the least acceptable for nursery delectation is a little book by Mrs. Herbert Railton, in which the small heroine is admitted to a very varied version of fairyland. The lift of a Roman hotel forms a prosaic



THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

set-off to our diminutive adventuress, who presently finds herself, however, in a cloudland of most original conception. In an inverse ratio to all respectable tradition, the naughtier she becomes the higher she goes, and, as this three feet of humanity is perverse, one presently expects to hear of her in Olympia. Lily in her lift is preserved from contact with the classics, however—which was, perhaps, as well—and, after most astonishing encounters with elves, gnomes, goblins, and the "good people" generally, she descends to Mother Earth by means of a fairy parachute, to the relief and gratification of her relatives. Many drawings of extreme daintiness reflect a still greater aptitude of the pen for sketches than text. And a second story, called "The Land of Paint," may be praised rather for its illustrations than the matter they so charmingly reflect. As a reinforcement for the nursery shelves this prettily bound volume will be found a very welcome newcomer.

* "Lily and the Lift." By Mrs. Herbert Railton. London: Seeley and Co.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I have two new theatrical gowns to bring under your notice now, both of which are of special interest, on account of their wearers in the first place, and their own beauty in the second. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, to begin with, has discarded the yellow dress with its sable trimmings, which she originally wore in Act II. of "John-a-Dreams," and replaced it by an exquisite gown of deep emerald-green velvet, the slightly trained skirt bordered with sable, the Zouave bodice, which is finished in the same way, having wide revers of the fur. The under-bodice of golden-yellow satin, covered with black net, with insertions of gold, and embroidered galon, slightly overhangs the waist, a great bunch of violets being tucked into the left side, and, as is the case with all Mrs. Patrick Campbell's gowns, there being no stiff collar-band of any kind, her beautiful throat is left perfectly free. This new dress is, without doubt, the loveliest and most becoming of the three which she wears, though her velvet-lined cloak still excites the keenest admiration in every feminine beholder.

Then Miss Millward, too, the heroine of "The Fatal Card," has indulged in a new dress, the fabric of the skirt being rich white corded silk, striped with apple-green satin, which is patterned with tiny pink roses, each stripe being bordered with a line of black. Of course, the bodice is in a different material—soft white silk, covered with openwork embroidery in a delicate shade of *café au lait*, the lining of apple-green satin showing through the embroidery with charming effect. The collar is of black satin, held in at each side by a flashing paste buckle, and the golden waist-band is studded with green and black sequins and cabochons. Miss Millward, too, has a posy of flowers—black and yellow velvet poppies—tucked into her waist-belt, and both dresses are likely to find many eager copyists.

But the all-important question of the winter sales demands instant attention, for no sooner is Christmas well over than a perfect avalanche of sale catalogues descends upon us from every side, and we spend our days in poring over the rival merits of countless "genuine bargains" and "marvellous reductions." This way madness lies, so the only sensible course to pursue is to pick out a few places of undoubted renown and confine ourselves to the sale goods with which the gods (in the person of the various firms) have provided us. Naturally the name of Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, is one of the first which comes to one's mind in such a connection, and I give you fair and early warning that at their sale, which commences on Monday, the 31st, there are some bargains which do, in very truth, merit the term of "wonderful," and which every one of you should make a point of seeing. Just imagine, for instance, a complete costume, consisting of a perfectly cut skirt in cloth and a smart double-breasted bodice of velveteen, cut short to the waist, which is to be sold at 58s. 6d., or with the coat in corduroy velveteen, at three guineas! Then there is a large stock of jackets, handsomely trimmed with mink beaver and musquash, and reduced to exactly half the usual prices, which now range from £3 18s. 6d. to eight guineas, fur-lined capes, from two guineas upwards, being also worthy of special notice. Of course, if you want something at merely nominal prices, there are some jackets in black and coloured cloth—tailor-made, too—which commence at half-a-guinea, and golf capes in home-spun tweeds at £1 2s. 6d. Nor must you think that the costume department is any less attractive, for there are serge and tweed skirts, with bodice materials, for £1 8s. 6d., and ball dresses from thirty shillings. What more could anyone want? But, indeed, it would be difficult to think of any feminine requirement which you could not find in perfection at Debenham and Freebody's, and at prices which will not make any serious inroads upon your purses. Just one special word, in conclusion, I must give to the umbrellas, for they are marvels of cheapness, ranging from 10s. 9d. upwards; and cretonnes, household linen, fancy goods—in fact, the whole stock—are all correspondingly cheap, so get up early on the 31st, having first posted yourself well up in all the special bargains by half an hour's study of the sale catalogue, which you can have for the asking.

The new and greatly enlarged premises at Regent Street of Mr. Faulkner, of diamond fame, are daily filled to overflowing just now, and I may tell you that, once inside, you will, for the moment, forget the special needs of fancy dresses, and infallibly become purchasers of one or other of the dainty little brooches or pins or combs for your daily adornment and enjoyment. No one but yourself will ever be the wiser, and as far as appearance is concerned, you might have spent untold gold on your purchases, while instead of this, you can for one guinea get such a lovely brooch as the one illustrated, the bow part being carried out in Faulkner diamonds with a beautiful pearl pendant as a finish. Then, for £4 10s., what better value could anyone possibly desire or obtain than the lovely little Faulkner diamond comb, the conventional design in the centre being flanked by liliputian wings? It is the daintiest possible hair ornament, but if you prefer it, there is the diamond-handled dagger at forty-eight shillings, which, thrust through a coil of fair or dark hair, would look equally effective and beautiful. And then, if you appreciate, as most people do, absolute originality of design, let me commend to you the beautiful new corsage brooch, in the shape of a

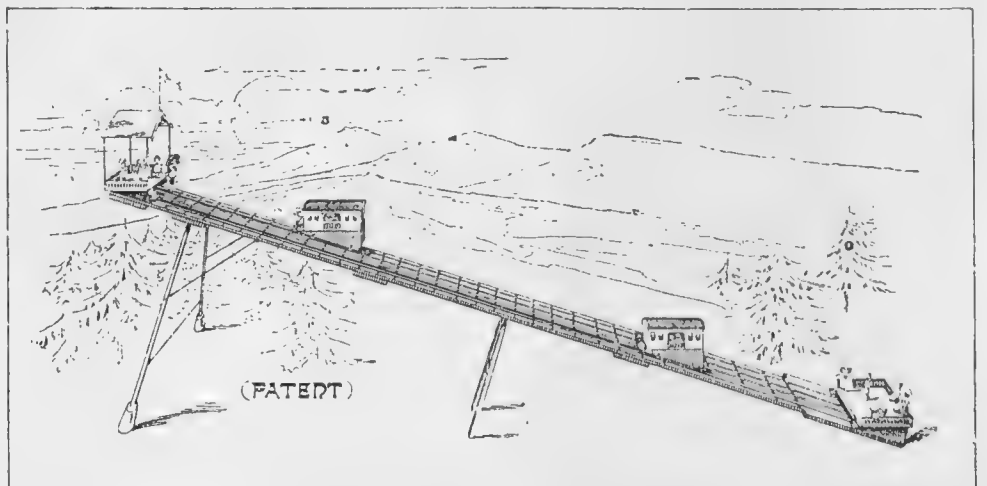
crescent, over which hover three graceful swallows. It is a wonderfully effective piece of work, and the beauty of the enormous number of stones used is exceptional, and yet five pounds only is the purchase-money! It is well worth a visit on its own account; but you will find dozens of other things to interest you. Specially note a wonderful flexible snake bracelet, simply encrusted with diamonds, and some fascinating and diminutive watches, hanging from true-lovers' knots, which are wonderfully cheap and wonderfully pretty too. Truly, Mr. Faulkner must be accounted a benefactor to women, for he enables those with modest dress allowances to rejoice in the diamonds for which all women have a weakness, and which would otherwise be the exclusive possession of the elect few, who, moreover, are by no means averse to indulging in these wonderful Faulkner diamonds themselves.

FLORENCE.

AN INGENIOUS TOY.

One of the novelties in the way of toys which will, no doubt, afford a great deal of amusement and instruction to young and old this Christmas is a "Mountain Railway," this clever toy being the invention of an English lady, who has taken as a model the Mountain Railway so frequently met with on the Continent. An illustration is given, by which it will be seen that there are two lines of rails laid on inclined planes, parallel to each other, on each of which a carriage is placed, weighted in such a manner that without any handling whatever one carriage ascends while the other descends. Further amusement is given by dolls being placed inside the carriages. In connection with this Christmas "plaything," if it can be called so, are various ingenious devices—for instance, the even movement of the trains is regulated by a revolving umbrella and flag, and more or less speed is obtained by adding or removing weights. Again, the arrival of the train is signalled by a bell, which rings automatically. Experts have pronounced this toy to be one of the cleverest of its kind ever invented, and we must congratulate ourselves that we possess at least one toy this Christmas which does not bear the trademark "Made in Germany."

A little tact may be recommended to nervous lovers who find themselves obliged to "Ask Mamma," as conducing very materially to smooth the bad half-hour which goes before rejection—or the other thing. A gentleman who graduated at a foreign Court in the arts of peace and war may be cited as a brilliant example of what a diplomatic veiled veracity may accomplish. He was certainly devoted to a certain lovely creature, but being well assured that her fortune depended on Madame la Mère's goodwill, was prepared to make a bid for that also, being subtly convinced that a little money never spoiled a nice girl. "So you wish my daughter for your wife?" the dowager asked icily, with a tightening of the facial muscles, which indicated an exhaustive impending inquiry of the suitor's financial "values." But here he interposed judiciously. "It is partly that," he said, with a Grandisonian bow, "but partly also that you may be my mother-in-law. The dot was most satisfactorily settled."



THE "MOUNTAIN RAILWAY."



Hovis

**BREAD AND
BISCUITS**

PROMOTE
DIGESTION.

Supplied to
**H.M. THE QUEEN and
Royal Family.**

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "Hovis," or if what is supplied as "Hovis" is not satisfactory, please write, sending samples (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

S. FITTON & SON,
Millers, Macclesfield.

Bakers recommending another bread in the place of "Hovis" do so for their own profit.

BEWARE!

MADAME FAREY,
231, REGENT STREET.

Smart Hats and Bonnets, 21/-
Smart Aigrettes for the Hair, 2/9

**ATKINSON'S
WHITE ROSE.**

"A charming Scent."— "The sweetest
H.R.H. The Duchess of York. of sweet odours."

ATKINSON'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers, and of
the Manufacturers, 24, Old Bond Street, London.

Highest Award at Chicago, 1893.
"Lanoline"

Toilet "Lanoline".....6^d & 1/-.
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& Cold Cream.

"Once
tried,
always
used."

Should be used in every household, as } nothing is better
for the complexion.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

USE

**"SEEGER'S"
HAIR DYE.**
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

IN
THREE
SHADES,
BLACK,
BROWN,
AND
BLONDE.



PRICE
2s.
per
Case.

INSTANTANEOUS and HARMLESS.

One Preparation Only.

OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS and DRUGGISTS.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

MELLIN'S FOOD



FOR
INFANTS
AND
INVALIDS

"5, Belgrave Road,
Abbey Road, N.W.
October 16, 1894.

"Mr. G. Mellin,

"Dear Sir,—I enclose
you a photo of Dorothy,
who has been fed entirely
upon Mellin's Food, and
I think, considering her
age (she is 17 months),
her present healthy con-
dition is a compliment
to Mellin's Food.

"Dorothy has never
had a day's illness. She
had very little trouble
with her teeth, and now
she runs all over the
house; good-tempered,
contented, and happy as
the day is long.

"I shall not fail to
recommend Mellin's
Food as being incom-
parable.

"Yours truly,
H. NEWMAN
WILKINSON."

MELLIN'S EMULSION
OF COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

For **COUGHS, COLDS, and BRONCHITIS.**

The Safest and Best Tonic for Children.

Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle. Sample size, 1s. Of all Chemists and Stores.

Samples, Pamphlet, and Prospectus post free on application to—

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford St., PECKHAM, S.E.

PETER ROBINSON.

WINTER SALE

Commences Monday, Dec. 31.

**ALL SURPLUS STOCK
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.**

Catalogues Post Free.

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The Antiseptic Saline for the Bath & Toilet Water
IMMEDIATELY SOFTENS HARD WATER.

Refreshing & Invigorating. Delightful to the Skin.
Prepared by COSMOSINE CO., Granby Row,
Manchester. Order through Chemists, Perfumers,
or Stores Everywhere. Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d.

LOVELY HAIR.

DR. HORN'S "ACESMA" quickly restores
the colour to grey, faded, or bleached
hair. Does not stain the skin. 2/9 and 5/-
per bottle.

DR. HORN'S "GERMANIA HAIR
TONIC" for thin or falling hair.
Promotes luxuriant growth. Very
cleansing. Non-greasy. 2/9 and 5/-
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DR. HORN'S "HAIR SOLVENT."
A liquid for destroying superfluous
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Electrolysis. 2/9 and 5/- per bottle.

DR. HORN'S SKIN FOOD FOR THE
COMPLEXION. A cure for wrinkles,
roughness, irritation, and all blem-
ishes of the skin. Price 2/9, 5/-,
and 10/-. Of Chemists and Perfumers,
or of the Sole Manufacturers,

CASSIE & CO., CHEMISTS,
49, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

N.B.—Any preparation post free.
Read Dr. Horn's Treatise, "THE
HUMAN HAIR," post free, 6d. Hair 5ft. 2in. long.



ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL



Has been for 100 years unsurpassed as the best and safest preserver
and beautifier of the hair, and is far preferable to other hair-restorers,
which are really progressive dyes, and deposit a sediment on the scalp
which fills up the pores; it preserves and

BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR,

arrests baldness, removes scurf, and is the best Brillantine for the
whiskers and moustaches. Also sold in a Golden Colour for fair-
haired ladies and children. Pure grease is an absolute necessity for
nourishing and preserving the hair; all experts now recognise this
fact—ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL is the best for the purpose.

BOTTLES, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO.

An Antiseptic, Preservative, and Aromatic Dentrifrice, which Prevents and Arrests Decay. It con-
tains no mineral acids, no gritty matter, or injurious astringents, keeps the mouth, gums, and teeth
free from unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the teeth, and is the most wholesome
Tooth-Powder for Smokers. It is most delightfully perfumed, and is a perfect luxury for the
toilet-table of all who value the appearance of their teeth.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, 2s. 9d.

ONE BOX OF

**DR. MACKENZIE'S IMPROVED
HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS**

will produce the most lovely complexion that the
imagination could desire. Clear, Fresh, freed from
Blotch, Blemish, Coarseness, Redness, Freckles, or
Pimples. Sent post free, 4s. 6d.
To whiten the hands and skin, use

DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL TOILET SOAP.

1s. per Tablet; 3 for 2s. 6d.; postage 3d.
S. HARVEY, 12, Gaskarth Road, Balham Hill, London,
S.W. Beware of injurious imitations.

HEIGHT INCREASED

3 in. without detection, by PINET'S
ELEVATORS (Patented). Can be worn in any boot or
shoe. Mons. Pinet, 856, Berners Street, Oxford Street,
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**Dr. MACKENZIE'S
CATARRH CURE
SMELLING BOTTLE.**

Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous
Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever
and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best
remedy for Faintness and Dizziness.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
Price ONE SHILLING.

Post Free 15 stamps, from
MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, READING.
Refuse worthless imitations.

A DISASTROUS FIRE.

A ruined house looks all the more miserable at such a season as Christmas. Loudwater House, Rickmansworth, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Panmure Gordon, presents such an appearance. It was the overheating of the hot-water flues in the lavatories that did it. The fire

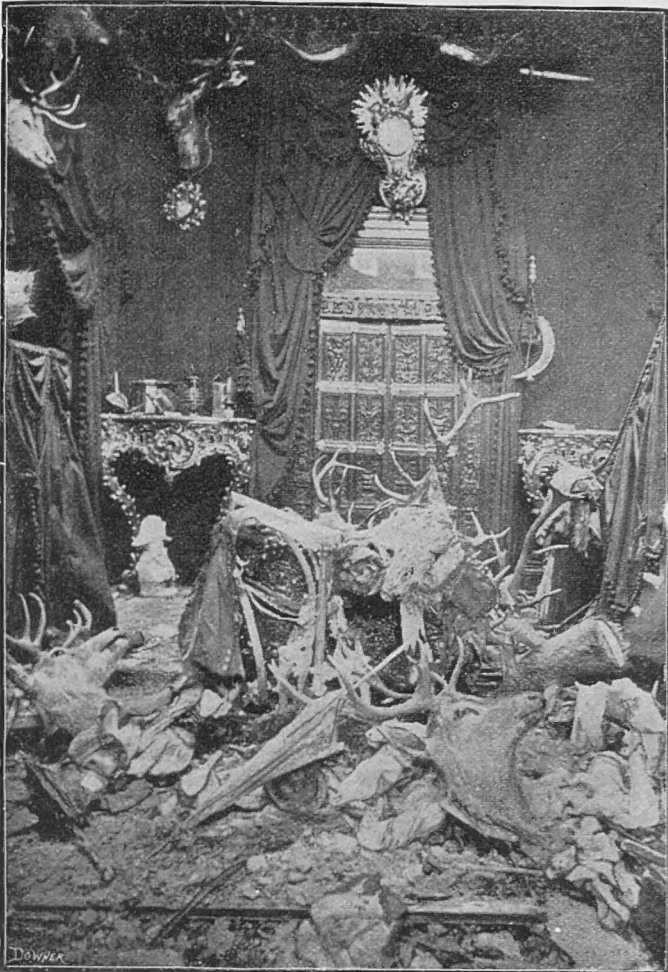


Photo by F. Downer, Watford.

A RUINED ROOM IN LOUDWATER HOUSE.

broke out about six o'clock in the evening of Dec. 14, and the fire brigades were not released for twelve hours. The ground floor escaped, though the valuable works of art, and other appointments and furniture, were much damaged by the water thrown into the mansion from the engines. Water was easily got from the River Chess, which runs in front of the house.

"MELODRAMANIA," AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Somebody said, concerning *Ariel*, the comic paper whose premature death we all deplore, that it failed because it tried to please two classes; it offered a ha'porth of wit to the cultured, and a ha'porth of jokes to 'Arry, and asked each of them to pay a penny. At present, I fear that the German Reed entertainment is almost in the plight of *Ariel*. To those who look upon the Langham Hall as the nearest permissible thing to a real theatre, the clever parts of Mr. Malcolm Watson's "Melodramania" will hardly be intelligible; to the regular playgoer some of the scenes will appear rather tame and amateurish, because of the acting. A strong course must be adopted.

Probably the best and only practicable course will be to cut and ask us to come again—to shorten a piece that now lasts nearly two hours, and intensify the comic business of what is left. A rousing combat between Mr. Corney Grain, the really delightful villain, and Mr. Alfred German Reed, whose part hardly suits him, would not be inartistic, and certainly might be entertaining to all classes.

However, the name of Mr. Corney Grain sets me off the track, for he is funny enough to cause a wet cat to laugh. The dear man, whose fine gift of humour never fails to draw laughter from the most hardened playgoer, was at his best. He seemed to enjoy his work almost as much as I did. As the "orty," aristocratic villain, in a large Ailesbury coat, white hat, and brown boots, he was entertaining, but when he appeared disguised as a jockey, there were no bounds to laughter. A more comic picture than the huge man in the costume that one associates with slim boys and attenuated men is hardly imaginable. Moreover, it must also be said that

he really played the part, and gave a finely exaggerated study of the airs and grim graces of the villain of 'Delphi drama.

In addition, one must express pleasure in Miss Fanny Holland, who acted with great energy as a lovelorn lady caught by the ample beauty of Corney Grain. She was really funny, save when she played a mad scene with no little charm of manner, and she sang Mr. Walter Slaughter's pretty music admirably. I cannot help returning for a moment to the piece to express my admiration for the skill with which Mr. Malcolm Watson has accomplished a difficult task, though I think that if he had written a piece in the "Killiecrumper" style it would have been better for the house.

Mr. Corney Grain's new sketch, "Uncle Dick," will be capital when he has had time to work it up. At present it contains some clever remarks, and some lively songs, which, when the accompaniment is amplified, will prove thoroughly enjoyable. However, it is hardly intended for people who trouble their heads about the form of the accompaniment, and to most folk it will seem one of the best of Mr. Corney Grain's wonderful sketches. What praise is higher?

A JAPANESE BALLADE.

Dame Fortune from her bounteous lap
Bestows her gifts on low and high;
Some have to ride in donkey-trap,
Some roll in gilded chariots by,
While others walk. But what care I,
If I can rhapsodise, and dream o'er
The dance that no dance can outvie—
The Yum-Yum dance of Katie Seymour?
She dances with another Jap,
Who looks like a November guy.
He dances well, though not a rap
Care I for him. It's Katie, spry,
And witching as her feetlet fly,
Whom I would go to an extreme o'er—
Breathes there a man who dare deery
The Yum-Yum dance of Katie Seymour?
We stamp, we cheer, we shout, we clap;
A pittance near me heaves a sigh
And says he would he were the chap
Who does it wi' her. Should you try
To understand the reason why,
Ask Katie. Surely shyly she more
Than anyone can make reply—
The Yum-Yum dance of Katie Seymour.

L'ENVOI.

Friend, if you feel you want to die,
Don't do it yet. Your life will be more
Worth living if as cure you try
The Yum-Yum dance of Katie Seymour. L. E. C.

THOUGHTFUL GIRL.

MRS. JACOBS: "Eva, you know we expect the new boarder to-night. Is the Family Bible put away?"

EVA: "Better than that, Ma. I have left one of my pictures in his bureau-drawer accidentally, and marked it, 'Oct. 15, 1893, aged nineteen.'"—*Judge*.



Photo by F. Downer, Watford.

LOUDWATER HOUSE, RICKMANSWORTH.

CHRISTMAS CATTLE.

The Christmas dinner would be incomplete without the roast beef of Old England, and that would be impossible without the slaughterer,

After Jan. 1 racing will go on merrily, weather permitting, up to the end of next November. I believe the suggestion I made in this column some months ago is still under consideration by some clerks of courses, and we may yet see midsummer steeplechase meetings held in England. These could easily take place at Hurst Park, where there is plenty of herbage, or at Windsor, where irrigation could be carried on at a minimum of cost. I am certain these affairs would be well patronised, and they might be held on the same course every fortnight.

I believe it is intended to start a club for the use of professional sporting men and others, somewhat on the lines of the Carlton and Reform. It is claimed that such an institution would meet with plenty of patronage, while it would at least be free from raids. The people who go racing must congregate somewhere in London, and a social club would be just the place for them. I suggest that a few titled members be appointed on the committee, just to give tone to the affair.

Several sportsmen have left England for India, where some good racing can be seen at Christmas-time, thanks to such good patrons as Lord William Beresford, Captain Orr-Ewing, and one or two of the Maharajahs. The "sweep" is a big institution in India; but I have heard recently that sweepstakes are to be put down by law in the Australian colonies, where the totalisation is all the rage just now. Bookmakers are at a discount in Australia.

The gentry who have been using the telephone to back winners after the result of the race is known to themselves, are not likely to swindle bookmakers again, as the latter have

decided on no account to bet on any event after the advertised time set for its decision.

As I have before mentioned, Lord Wolverton is very likely to run a few horses next year. If he does, these will be trained by Marsh, under the eagle eye of Lord Marcus Beresford. I notice Lord Chelsea has a jumper or two, and I believe the Duke of Marlborough has an interest in several two-year-olds. Lord Shaftesbury has seemingly tired of racing.

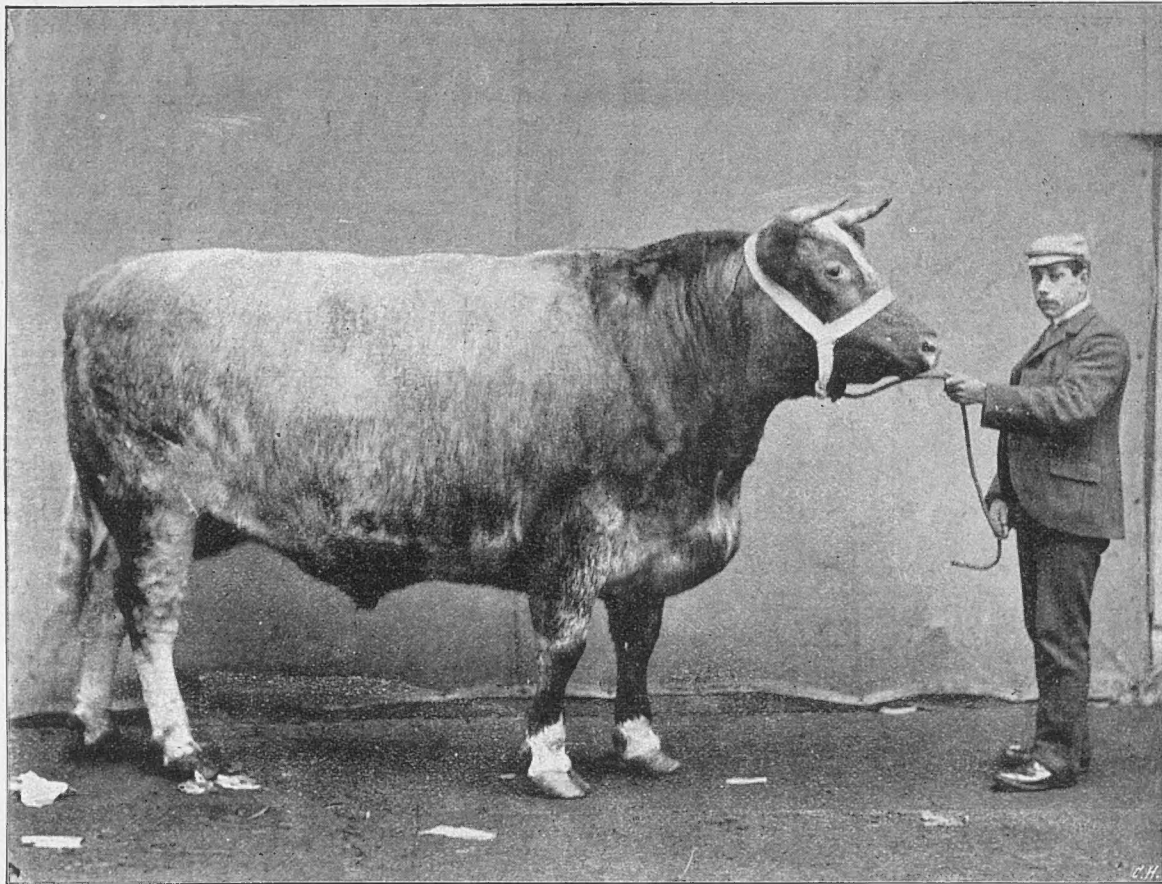


Photo by H. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

A HEAVY SHORTHORN STEER.

incongruous as his function may be at this season of goodwill. This, at any rate, struck the person who quaintly advertises in some of the morning papers—

BUTCHERS and SLAUGHTERMEN.—At this season we rejoice in the birth of our Saviour, who said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Think of this when you kill. Do so in the most merciful way, and by experienced men. No good work goes unrewarded even here.

By this time the beautiful Aberdeen Angus heifer, Benton Bride, belonging to Mr. Clement Stephenson, of Newcastle, will have fallen. Her career in the show-yard was remarkable, ending in her being the best beast at Smithfield this year, where she won the Champion Plate of 100 guineas, and was the first to win the Queen's Challenge Cup, her Majesty coming second with Masterpiece. Mr. Stephenson and the Queen are the only two exhibitors that have ever thrice won the blue riband of Smithfield—the former on every occasion with Aberdeen Angus cattle. Benton Bride won £510 for her owner, and was sold to Harrod's Stores for £150, which means beef at about 2s. 10d. per pound. The animal illustrated above is the first-prize shorthorn steer, belonging to Mr. Peter Dunn, of Sigglesworth, Hull. It weighed 24 cwt. 2 qr. 16 lb.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I am able to state that Watts will be allowed to ride Sir Visto in the Derby for the Premier; that is, if the colt goes on all right. M. Dawson thinks Lord Rosebery will win again at Epsom, and the veteran trainer's opinion is not to be despised. Sir Blundell Maple will, I believe, start Kirkconnell at Epsom. Ryan has a good candidate in Speedwell, but, as I have said before, the danger to Sir Visto is likely to come from Kingsclere.

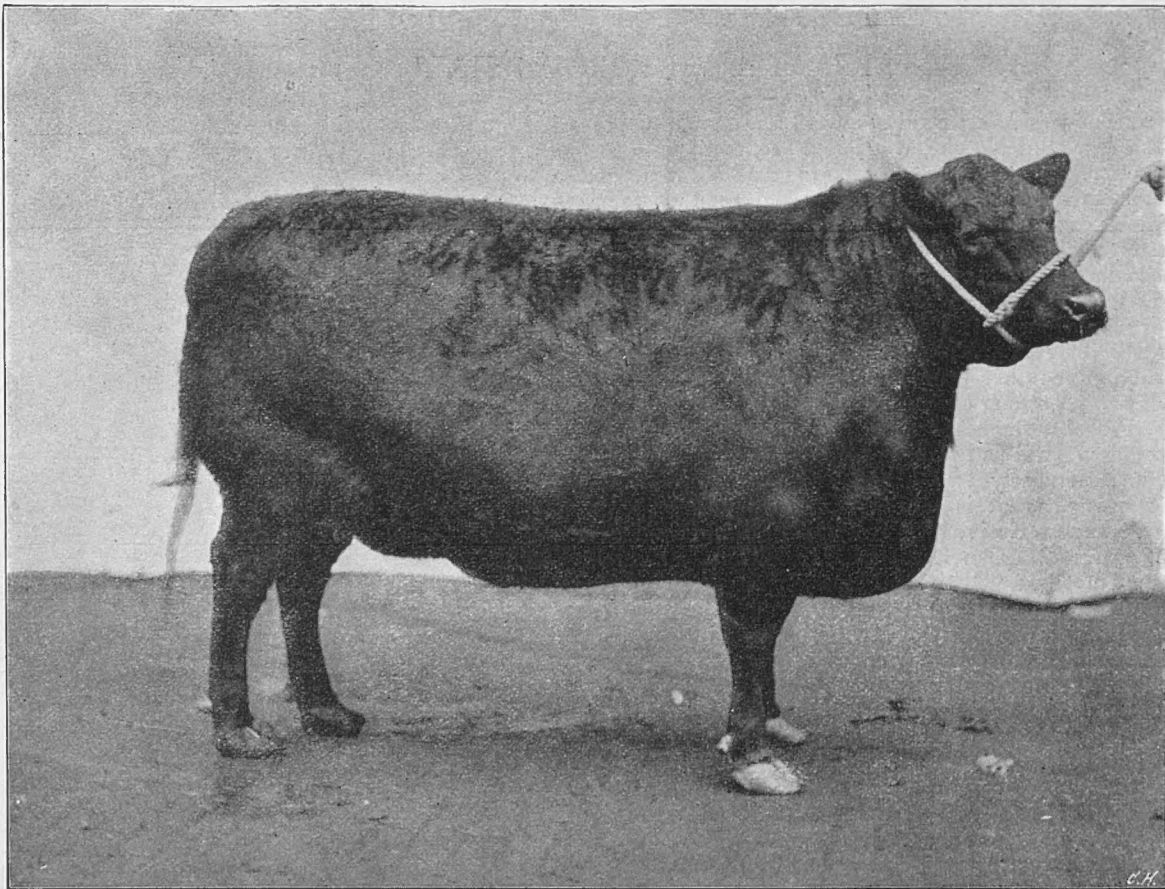


Photo by H. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

THE CHAMPION ABERDEEN ANGUS HEIFER, BENTON BRIDE.